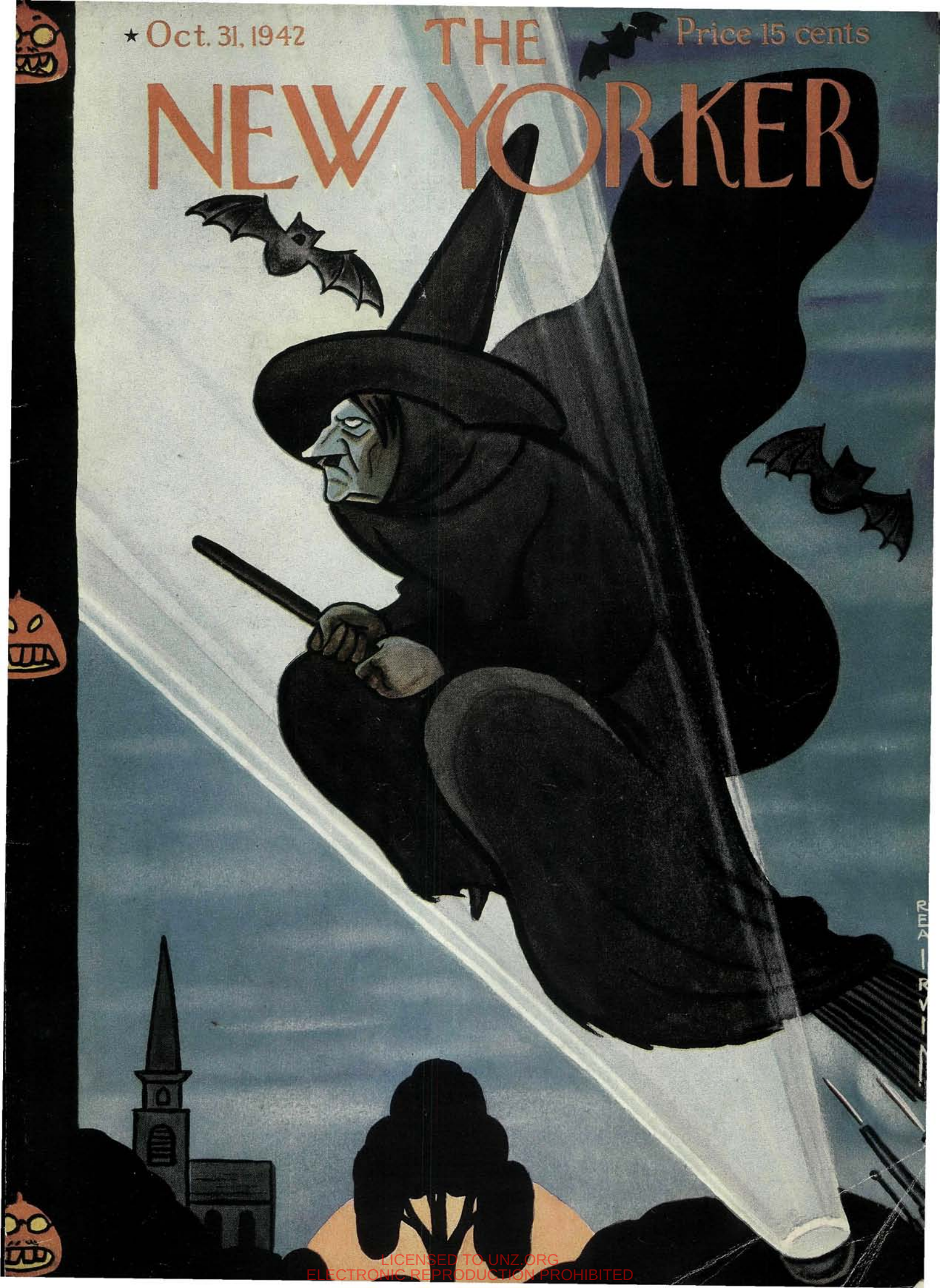


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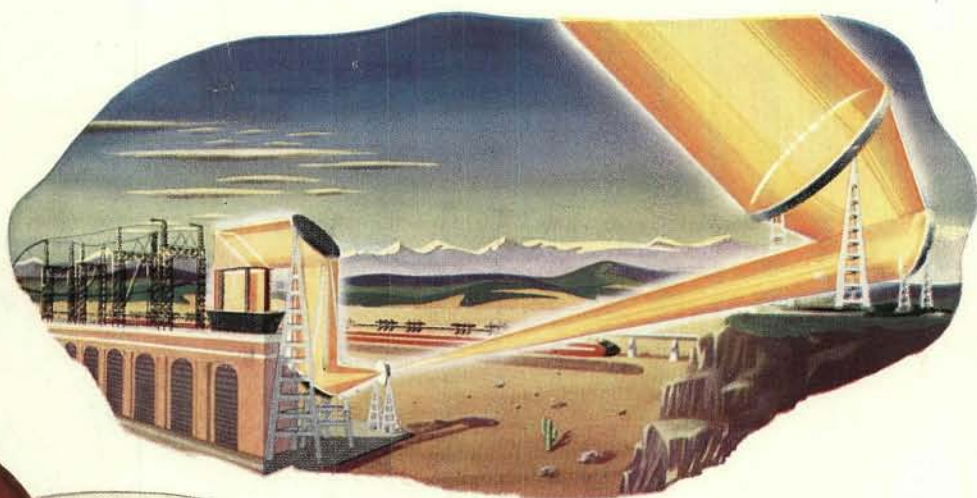
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NEW YORKER



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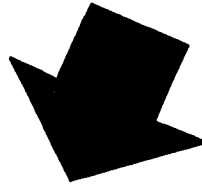
DO YOU REMEMBER when the Texas Centennial was celebrated? When "Anthony Adverse" first appeared as a movie? When sit-down strikes originated in France? That's the year the rare whiskies in Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN were carefully blended and put away to mellow for *Tomorrow*. Seagram's foresight keeps Tomorrow always in mind—so that you may always enjoy the famous Canadian flavor, the reassuring lightness of Seagram's V.O. Try some tonight—FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

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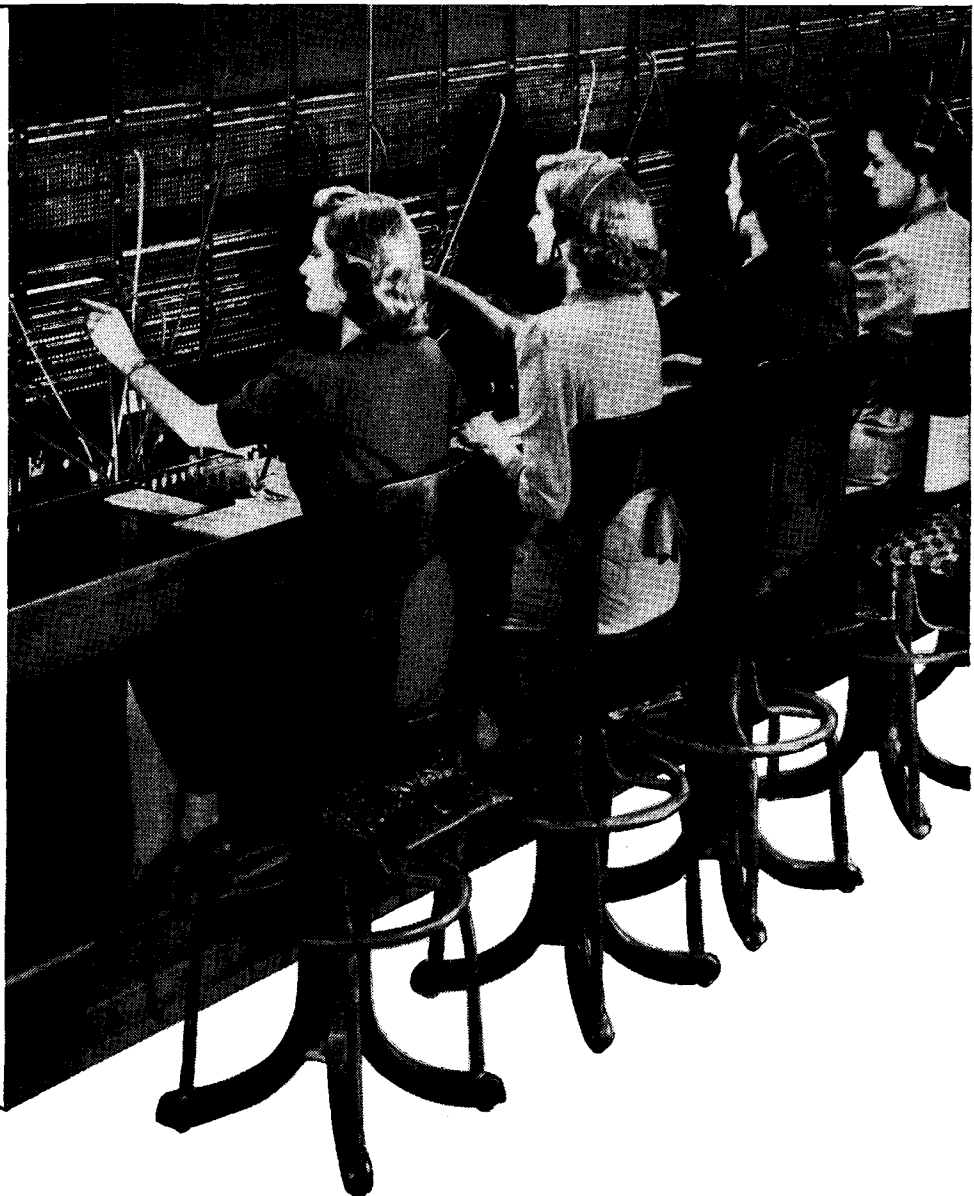
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We can't get materials to build enough of them. And those we have now are crowded with war calls.

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These girls are at battle stations on the telephone front. They have as much as they can do to get the war calls through.



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**WAR CALLS
COME FIRST**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular matinee schedules will be revised in some instances to take advantage of expected Election Day business. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Ned Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 4, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

CLAUDIA—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. The profits of all performances through Sat., Oct. 31, will go to United China Relief. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE DAMASK CHEEK—John van Druten's tenuous, but generally agreeable comedy, about life in the East Sixties in 1909. Flora Robson, Celeste Holm, and Myron McCormick are the performers principally involved. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 4, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

THE EVE OF ST. MARK—The tragedy of Bataan dealt with by Maxwell Anderson in a play that is interesting but probably more effective as a recruiting poster. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe are prominently cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

HELLO OUT THERE—Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling in Saroyan's tragic and tender one-act play. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic," also with Miss Haydon and Mr. Dowling, fills out the program. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 4, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

JANIE—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

JUNIOR MISS—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Pearson and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3, at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is now rounding out its third year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are scheduled to return to the cast on Mon., Nov. 2; until then, their understudies are filling in for them. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 4, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

NATIVE SON—A reopening of Richard Wright's powerful and compassionate play, with a good many of the original cast, including Canada Lee and Anne Burr. As before, it has been staged by Orson Welles. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

STRIP FOR ACTION—The doings of a burlesque troupe in an Army camp, made into an ingenious and likable comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 4, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—A farce you must have seen before, given a fair revival by Alex Yokel. Several members of the original cast are in it, including William Lynn, Teddy Hart, and Horace MacMahon. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Sat. and Sun.)

UNCLE HARRY—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

LITTLE DARLING—A comedy by Eric Hatch, with Leon Ames, Karen Morley, and Phyllis Avery. Staged by Alfred de Liagre, Jr., and produced by Tom Weatherly. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

WITH MUSIC

BEAT THE BAND—The plot of this George Abbott comedy will probably make your head ache, but the production is handsome and the music very pretty. With Susan Miller, Jack Whiting, Jerry Lester, and Romo Vincent. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

BY JUPITER—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." One of the pleasantest events so far this season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 4, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

COUNT ME IN—A musical comedy about war on the home front that remains pretty routine in spite of Charles Butterworth and Luella Gear. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3.)

LET'S FACE IT—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Carol Goodner and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter has done most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

SHOW TIME—Another vaudeville show, and this time well worth your money. The program includes George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcoss, all of whom are very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3, at 2:40.)

SONS O' FUN—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm also contains Frank Libuse and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

STAR AND GARTER—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a strange mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—A skating show, with a cast which includes several of the performers who were in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 4, and Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 3, at 2:40.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Ruddigore." Thurs. through Sun., Oct. 29-Nov. 1, and Nov. 5-8, at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Cinderella." Sat., Nov. 7, at 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116, UN 4-3200.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET THEATRE—Presenting "Swan Lake," "Dark Elegies," and "Bluebeard." Thurs. Eve., Oct. 29; "Giselle," "Spectre de La Rose," and "Petrouchka," Fri. Eve., Oct. 30; "Princess Aurora," "Coppelia," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., Oct. 31; "Aleko," "Russian Soldier," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Oct. 31; "Russian Soldier," "Pas de Quatre," and "Petrouchka," Sun. Aft., Nov. 1; "Princess Aurora," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., Nov. 1, final performance of the season. (Metropolitan Opera House, PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

RUTH ST. DENIS—Appearing in a program mainly composed of her traditional selections: Sat. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:30. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis and a show surrounded by palm trees. There's also Ted Straeter's orchestra and a samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—All mirrored up and somewhat changed around, with Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Gene Cavallaro is in charge now. Tea dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays for dancing in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegard's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Persian Room, together with Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing. Sat. and Sun.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Helen

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 37, October 31, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1942, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year \$6.00; Pan-America and Spain, \$6.50; Canada, \$7.00; Other Foreign, \$8.00.

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...and when the Duke of York
Prince Matchabelli, ...
It is all gold ...
diamond ...
The ...
in gold ...



Prince Matchabelli

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29,
THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

(GR 7-6444)... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at
Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646).

ART

Tamiris and her dancers head the new show in Radio City's aerial nook. Music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and a rumba band... Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill. **ST. REGIS**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room... The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Morton Downey singing numerous old Irish numbers in the gay Café Lounge, as well as Paul Baron's orchestra. Tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Michael Markels' orchestra plays for tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—This blend of Broadway and the East Side gives you music by Ben Cutler's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. Mary Raye and Naldi head the show.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Georges and Jalna and Emil Coleman's orchestra are in the Wedgwood Room, where, late in the evening, they are joined by Gracie Fields and Mischa Borro's orchestra... John Kirby's small but lively band is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and Fred Keating head the show in this sequestered place, and there are the Bill Baird puppets as well... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other performers too... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-5553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Libby Holman and a small show... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine; that cozy log fire is back again, too.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots, with Dick Wilson's orchestra... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; Anne Francine sings and George Morris's orchestra plays... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Maximilian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): mainly swing, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra, but there are also the Revuers... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Alvino Rey's orchestra... **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): an orchestra led by a young woman named Dolores... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show... **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James's orchestra... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra... **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Sande Williams' orchestra... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy... **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least... **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Georgie Price—all in a tropical setting... **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with the Velero Sisters' rumba band and a show... **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Lee and Lester Young's orchestra, and other entertainers... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are playing in this downtown place... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band is installed in the centre of the bar... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unassuming as its name, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio and a swing band... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio have practically become part of the bandstand here.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873)... Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—A newly opened museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection and featuring paintings and sculptures by modern European and American artists. Tues., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

AUSTIN—Drawings, revealing a sensitivity of line that's been more or less obscured in his paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

BELLOWS—Eight paintings, some of which have rarely been shown before: Allison, 32 E. 57. Tues., Nov. 3, from 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

BERLANDINA—Broadly painted oils, bold in color if at times a little loose in design: Bignon, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

CHAGALL—Oils, gouaches, and pastels, including his large "Revolution," which is being exhibited for the first time: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

DUTCH—Halses, Rembrandts, and other masterpieces galore, in one of the largest exhibitions of Dutch painters ever seen in these parts; a benefit for the A.W.V.S. and the Queen Wilhelmina Fund: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

EVERGOOD—Some excellent new paintings, in his first showing in two years: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

FRENCH—At the **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: oils, from Corot and Courbet through the major Impressionists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 14... **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: paintings, from Impressionism to the School of Paris. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 14... **KOETSER**, 65 E. 57: oils, from Corot and Constable to van Gogh and Matisse. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 14.

GILBERT—Sensitive oils, mainly of New England coastal scenes: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

GROUPS—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: pleasant pieces by Peter Hurd and Herman Maril, among others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31... **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: new oils by Kroll, Etnier, Laufman, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7... **ARTISTS**, 43 W. 55: the first exhibition in this gallery's new quarters includes oils by James Sterling, Louis Donato, and Nicholas Vasilieff. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Nov. 2... **MARQUÉ**, 16 W. 57: oils by George Constant, Milton Avery, Arnold Friedman, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

HARTLEY—Early drawings, mostly of Maine: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

KINGMAN—Water colors by a California artist, in his first show hereabouts: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

LÉGER—Two shows, both of new works—oils at the Rosenberg, 16 E. 57 (daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.), and gouaches and drawings at the Buchholz, 32 E. 57 (daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); both through Sat., Oct. 31.

MARTIN—Gently charming landscapes by one of the more sensitive nineteenth-century Americans in this field: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 10.

MORGAN—Oils, with an odd mixture of the mystical and the romantic: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Nov. 5.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Big, double-barrelled retrospective show of paintings by Pavel Tchelitchev and sculptures by John B. Flannagan (through Nov. 29); also, winning poster designs from the Museum's United Hemisphere competition (through Nov. 22). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.



NEVELSON—Abstract sculptures, shrewdly simplified though occasionally slack in modelling: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

NEW YORK SCENES—Views of the city by a variety of artists, from 1800 to the present: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

SIPORIN AND MILLMAN—Designs for the much-talked-of St. Louis Post Office murals, effectively displayed: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

SURREALISTS—A large exhibition, with works in several media by many well-known artists, arranged by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp: Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies, 451 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—An exhibition of American provincial paintings (a benefit for the American Field Service); also, sculptures, paintings, water colors, drawings, and prints from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 19.

HERE AND THERE—At the **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 18 E. 57: paintings by F. Coradall-Cugat. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31... **BARCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by J. Alden Weir. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31... **FERARGI**, 63 E. 57: paintings by members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; a United China Relief benefit. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Joseph Floch. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12: Roman Vishniac's photographs of Europe under Hitler. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 1... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by Frederick S. Franck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Walter conducting. Thurs., Oct. 29, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 30, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 1, at 3 P.M. Barlow conducting. Thurs., Nov. 5, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 6, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 7, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Milstein, Oct. 29-Nov. 1; Rubinstein, Nov. 5-6)... **Young People's Concert**, Ganz conducting. Sat., Oct. 31, at 11 A.M.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Mahler conducting; soloist, Martini: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Nov. 1, at 5:45 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Stamps.)

MOZART CONCERTO SERIES—First of six concerts, with Clarence Adler and the National Orchestral Association Alumni Orchestra, Barzin conducting: Town Hall, Thurs., Nov. 3, at 8:45 P.M.

DON COSSACK CHORUS—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Nov. 6, at 8:40 P.M.

NOTE—Toscanini will conduct the N.B.C. Symphony, Sun., Nov. 1, at 5 P.M., over WEA.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Egon Petri, Fri., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M.; Fritz Kreisler, Sat., Oct. 31, at 2:30 P.M.; Ray Lev, Wed., Nov. 4, at 8:30 P.M.; Sergei Rachmaninoff, Sat., Nov. 7, at 2:30 P.M... Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: chamber-music concert by members of the faculty of the Dalroze School, Mon., Nov. 2, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call VO 5-1357.)

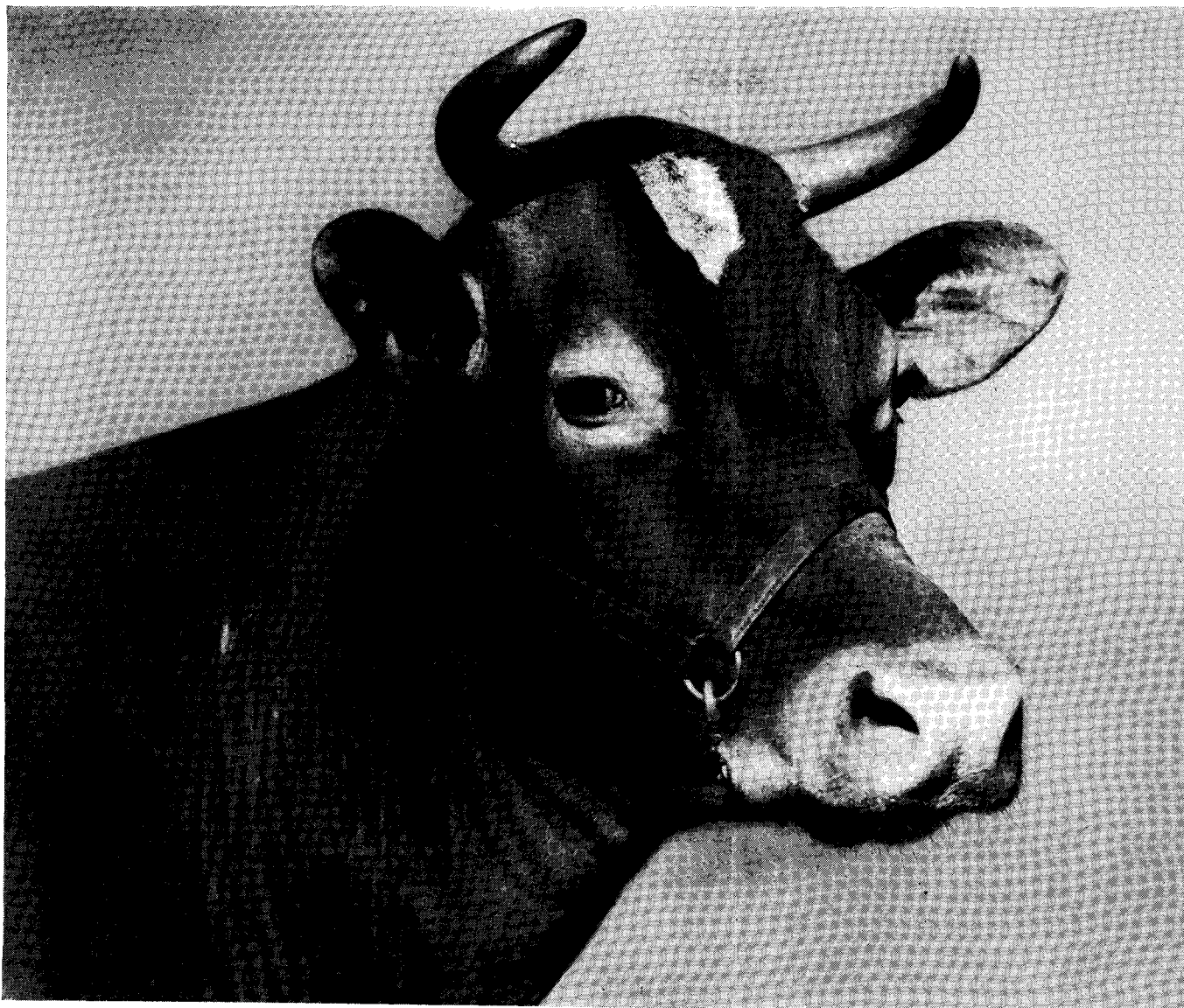
TOWN HALL—Conrad Thibault, Sun., Nov. 1, at 2:45 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Coolidge Quartet and Pierre Luboschutz and Genia Nemenoff), Sun., Nov. 1, at 5:30 P.M.; Doris Doe, Mon., Nov. 2, at 8:30 P.M.; Marian Anderson, Wed., Nov. 4, at 8:30 P.M.; Elisabeth Schumann, Sat., Nov. 7, at 3 P.M.

ELSEWHERE—At the **KAUFFMANN AUDITORIUM**: Paul Robeson, Sun., Nov. 1, at 9 P.M.; Mozart-sonata series, by Joseph Szigeti and Andor Foldes, Wed., Nov. 4, at 9 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400)... **NEW YORK TIMES HALL**: chamber-music concert by the American Society of Ancient Instruments, Mon., Nov. 2, at 9 P.M. (240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362)... **COORDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES**: Robert Casadesu and Zino Francescatti, Wed., Nov. 4, at 9 P.M. (451 Madison, at 50. PL 3-4571.)

OPERA

NEW OPERA COMPANY—Opening its season with "The Opera Cloak" and "The Fair at Sorochinsk," Tues., Wed., and Fri., Nov. 3, 4, and 6, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 7, at 2:30 P.M.; "La Vie Parisienne," Thurs. and Sat., Nov. 5 and 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," produced by Lodewijk Vroom and with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly,



"I've just heard from my draft board"

"They tell me I'm in the Army now. I've passed my physical exam and all the rest of it, and I'm certified to do one of the most important jobs in the world — helping to give strength to America's fighting troops. . . ."

The lady has a right to be proud. For today, all over the United States, fresh milk is being served in Army cantonments as a basic part of the conditioning diet.

The rich and regular appearance of milk and milk products on U. S. Army mess tables is one of the reasons why the boys in the camps grow healthier month by month.

National Dairy is using its far-flung facilities for production, processing and distribution to speed milk and milk products in ever greater volume to Army posts in many areas in this country and abroad.

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products ever more abundantly available to people everywhere.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of milk as a human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farm and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sun., at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Tami Mauriello vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Oct. 30; Ray Robinson vs. Victor Delicurti, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 6; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

FOOTBALL—On SAT. AFT., OCT. 31: Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field, at 2:30; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds, at 2; Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, Hanover, at 2; Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge, at 2:30; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia, at 2; Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, at 2:30. . . . SAT. AFT., NOV. 7: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, at 2:30; Fordham vs. Louisiana State, Polo Grounds, at 2; Michigan vs. Harvard, Ann Arbor, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia, at 2; Penn State vs. Syracuse, State College, Pa., at 2; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, at 3; Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, at 2:30.

PROFESSIONAL GAMES: Sun. Aft., Nov. 1, at 2:15; Dodgers vs. Cleveland, Ebbets Field; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sat., Nov. 7, at 8:30 P.M.

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—This year it will be for one day only, and at the Riding and Polo Club, 7 W. 66, Sat., Nov. 7, at 2 and 8 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Empire City, at 1:45 P.M.; through Wed., Nov. 4. (The Westchester Handicap, Sat., Oct. 31; the Ardsley Handicap, Tues., Nov. 3.) Trains will leave Grand Central on Sat. at 12:32 and 1:07 P.M. and on other weekdays at 12:32 P.M. . . . Victory Week, a post-season war-relief-benefit meeting, at Belmont Park, Thurs., Nov. 5, through Thurs., Nov. 12, post time to be announced.

OTHER EVENTS

MORGAN LIBRARY—An exhibition called "Historic European Explorations, Voyages, and Travels," illustrated by maps, books, and manuscripts, from the fifteenth to the twentieth century: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—Films and other displays touching on home defense, along with many additional aspects of warfare; also, through Sat., Nov. 7, about a hundred originals of war posters by prominent contemporary artists: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—First editions, Americana, and autographs, from the estates of the late Mrs. Henry Morgan Tilford, Mrs. Carolyn Wells Houghton, and others: Thurs., Oct. 29, at 2 P.M. . . . English and French furniture, and paintings, textiles, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Samuel J. Bloomingdale, the estate of the late Mrs. J. J. Mack, and others: Fri., Oct. 30, at 2 P.M. . . . Two Gothic tapestries, English furniture, Oriental rugs, and paintings, including some by Hoppner and Beechey; from the collections of the late George D. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Cohen, and others: Sat., Oct. 31, at 2 P.M. . . . Books, including first editions of Dickens and other English and American authors, from the collection of the late James Wilson Bullock: Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 4-5, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—Christmas parcels and mail to servicemen on duty overseas, to be sure of getting there on time, must be in the hands of the Post Office by Sat., Oct. 31.

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet, and a certain amount of espionage are offered for your approval, and should get it. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Oct. 29. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; through Tues., Nov. 3. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 30-Nov. 2. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Wed., Oct. 30-Nov. 4. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 3-4. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 3-5.)

HOLIDAY INN—An Irving Berlin score is sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire, and there's some excellent dialogue thrown in. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Oct. 30. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., Nov. 3. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 30-Nov. 2. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 3-4.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—Booth Tarkington's novel about an overbearing young whippersnapper serves as the background for one of Orson Welles's gloomy but interesting productions. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, with Dame May Whitty, in a story of the war and how the English are enduring it in their country houses and once quiet villages. (Schuyler,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—A film record of parts of the Russian counter-offensive of last winter, showing the military and climatic forces which had the Germans groggy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 2-3. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 3-4.)

THE PIED PIPER—Monty Woolley escorts a covey of kiddies through war-torn France, a project that has him complaining in his beard. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Oct. 30. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court, with a jailbreak and an attempted lynching in the curriculum. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Nov. 2. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 31-Nov. 2. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 3-7. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; starting Wed., Nov. 4.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 3-4.)

THE BEACHCOMBER (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of carryings-on in the South Seas that has nothing to do with the present. Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 30.)

CRIME ET CHATIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Oct. 30.)

ELEPHANT BOY (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 3-4.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 3-4.)

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (1936)—Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper in the Odets story of intrigue and war in China. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 3-4.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. through Fri., Nov. 3-6.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Oct. 30.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (1939)—Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Oct. 30.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in another Philip Barry piece. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 4-6.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 29.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS (1935)—Claudette Colbert is the secretary and Melvyn Douglas is the boss. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Oct. 30.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 1.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Oct. 30.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30

P.M. on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 29-30: four Chaplin comedies (1915). SAT. AND SUN., OCT. 31-NOV. 1: "Hearts of the World" (1918), Lillian and Dorothy Gish. MON. AND TUES., NOV. 2-3: "Wild and Woolly" (1917) and "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), both with Douglas Fairbanks. WED. AND THURS., NOV. 4-5: four Russian films (1909-17).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to the wartime tasks under its immediate supervision and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross, A.W.V.S., and U.S.O.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O. at the moment, all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) women to serve five hours (every other day (no evening vacancies at present) in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (2) men and women to put in whatever daytime hours they can spare doing administrative and clerical work in draft-board and other emergency offices; (3) anyone over eighteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to help out one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every fortnight, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week.

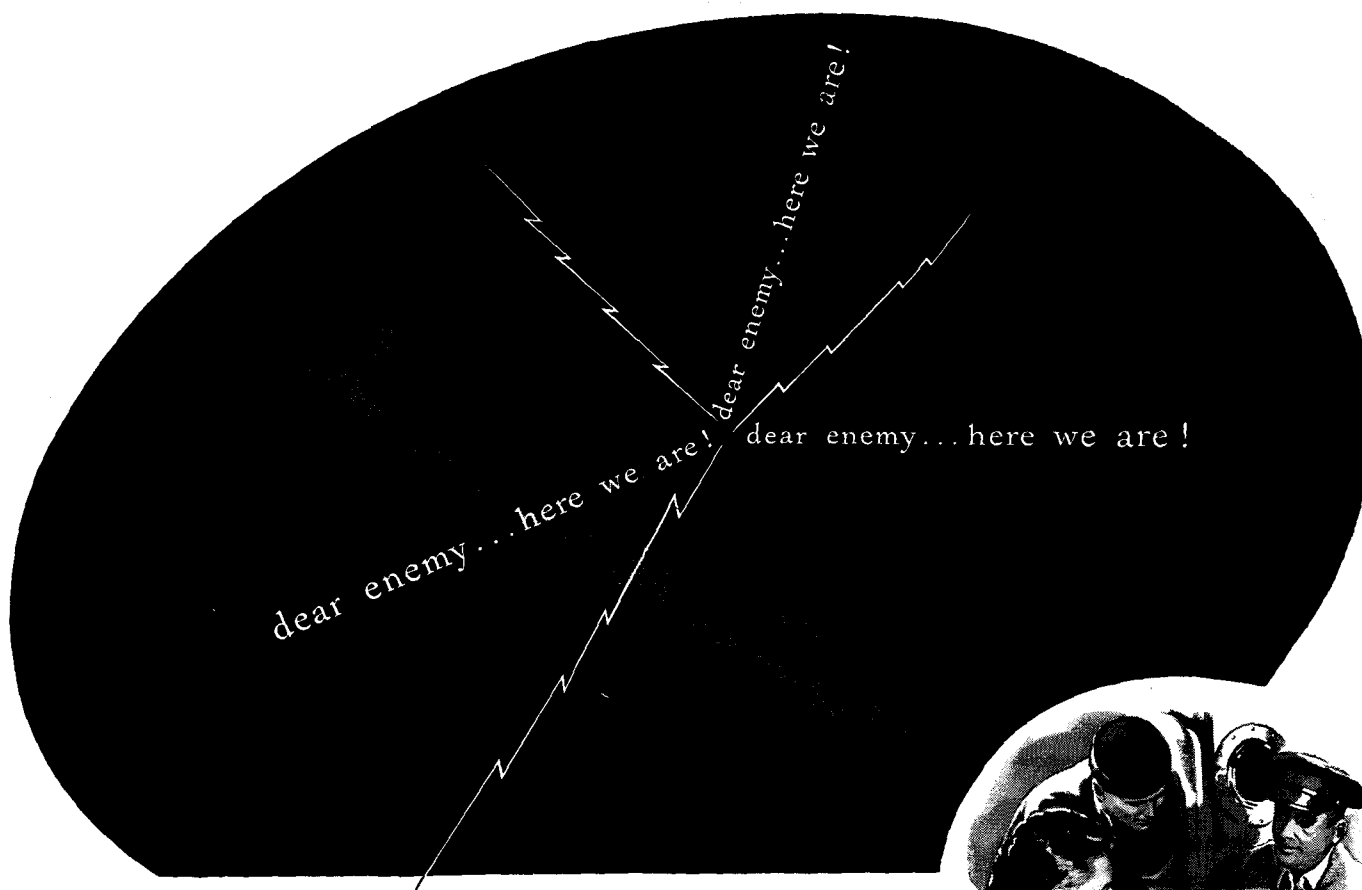
SAVAGE—The government is currently asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal, bearing in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more, and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of ammunition. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can, and keep what you collect in a cool place, to prevent its becoming rancid, until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans, after cutting out both ends and removing their paper labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save are turned over to the proper authorities; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to start saving old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for the manufacture of powder bags. The A.W.V.S. (PL 3-6487) will tell you where to turn them in.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—Phonographs and records, radios, books, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) are in great demand for men in the services and will be called for by a representative of the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33). The organization has issued a special appeal for Christmas packages for men in the services. The packages should be no larger than shoebox size and should contain such presents as soap, toothbrushes, hard candy, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades, pencils with clips, shoe polish, chewing gum, and stationery. They must be in the hands of the A.W.V.S. by Sat., Oct. 31. . . . Short-wave and portable radios, amateur receiving sets, and radio parts and tools are needed in the training of radio operators and repair men for the Army and Navy. If you have any such apparatus you can spare on either a gift or loan basis, call GR 7-4994. . . . The Government wants to borrow for military purposes snapshots and movies you may have taken during trips abroad in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some to lend, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Pictorial Records Branch), Box 46, Station G, New York City.

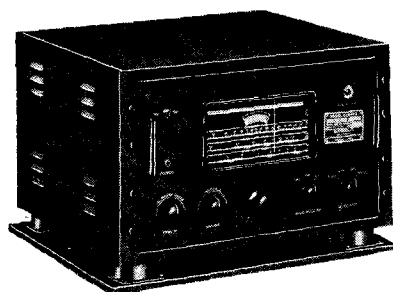




Amazingly enough, shipboard radio receivers
"tattled" to enemy subs . . .



until the danger to ships and men brought forth the **Scott Marine Model Radio !**



SCOTT Marine Model LOW RADIATION RECEIVER

• The Scott SLR-12-A is for marine use exclusively and is available for shipboard installations under priority ratings.

Do you know why the Federal Communications Commission banned all shipboard entertainment radios? Because the instant they were turned on for listening they divulged the ship's position . . . much farther than the 10 or 15 miles most officers and men believed possible. Actually a receiving set rebroadcasts a signal *detectable as much as 100 miles away* by sensitive enemy direction-finders.

To eliminate this hazard, the Federal Communications Commission urged radio manufacturers to develop a *safe* radio for use at sea. In less than a month Scott engineers invented a special Marine Model that can't be detected 25 feet away—fully approved by the Federal Communications Commission!

The Scott Low-Radiation Receiver is the *only* radio that can be operated with complete safety on *both* the broadcast and shortwave bands essential to good reception far from land under difficult shipboard conditions. The SCOTT has become the toast of seamen and sailors wherever ships now sail. You'll soon find SCOTTS on tankers, on merchantmen, on American ships of every kind as fast as we can get them there . . . giving our men at sea the programs, the news from home, the relaxation they need and deserve, *in safety*.

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SCOTT
FINE RADIO
RECEIVERS

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED *at the* SAVOY!

SAVOY  PLAZA
NEW YORK

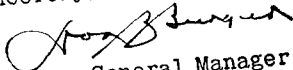
The Savoy-Plaza is now a "War Baby!"
We are filling a need the war has created for a new type of hotel in New York—where room prices are in line with restricted wartime incomes.

If you liked the Savoy-Plaza before, you will like it now because we have retained all its famous charm and atmosphere. We have brightened our guest rooms, stepped up the service to accommodate the wartime tempo and created a less formal, but altogether more inviting atmosphere.

We have made many material changes in our service. They are all part of a well-prepared plot to make you feel that from now on there is no other hotel in New York for you from the standpoint of downright comfort and value for your money.

We hope you will let us prove this to you the very next time you require hotel accommodations in town. You will find we are still busy building our reputation, not coasting on it.

Sincerely,


General Manager

A FEW OF THE THINGS YOU WILL LIKE ABOUT THE NEW SAVOY-PLAZA

WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES



Many executives visiting New York who find it necessary to do a month's work in a few days engage one of our new office suites. These suites combine an efficient business office with living quarters. Secretarial and messenger services are available on a part or full-time basis.

SPECIAL SERVICE

For the duration of the war we are going to give Savoy-Plaza guests better service than they have ever received anywhere. Here's why:

Our staff realizes that a delayed telephone message, or telegram, a letter misdirected, a parcel lost—could interfere with war production, cause a ship to be sunk, or even a battle to be lost.

Alertness is our new watchword!



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Savoy-Plaza restaurants are both attractive and moderately priced. The Savoy Room offers breakfast specials from 50¢, selective luncheons from \$1.25, complete dinners from \$2.50. In the popular Cafe Lounge luncheon and dinner entrees are a la carte. Table telephone service in both rooms during luncheon and dinner.

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The cuisine is still the same, fine type that made Savoy-Plaza restaurants famous; but today the menus are printed in English to simplify ordering. The food is distinctive, the creation of a world renowned chef.



SERVICE MEN



Uniformed members of all branches of the military and naval services, regardless of rank, are entitled to a courtesy 25% discount on all regular rate room accommodations. The special consideration shown service men here has made it a favorite New York hotel with the armed forces.

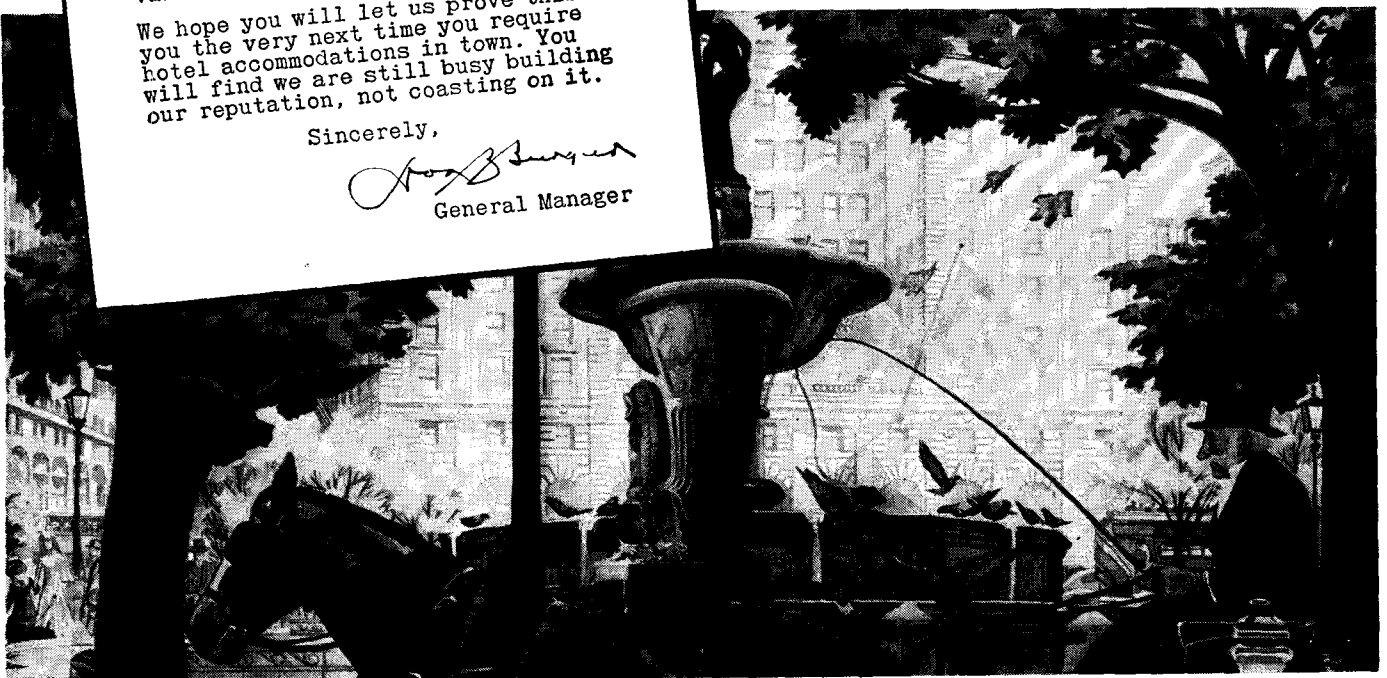
STUDENTS

The college crowd has always favored the Savoy-Plaza. From now on we shall be seeing more of them because of the special overnight room accommodations we provide. Dormitory rates from \$2.50—think of it! Any student can now afford to stop at this smart, convenient hotel.



RATES: Single Room from \$5.00 • Double Room from \$7.00 • Suites from \$12.00

A view of the Savoy-Plaza from the plaza proper at the entrance to Central Park. Painted by Fred Freeman

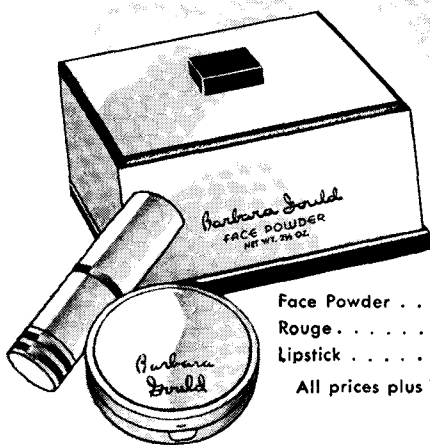




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The clean, fresh, spirited make-up...to match the "heads up" attitude of America's women. Barbara Gould face powder, exquisitely sheer, in soft, flattering shades...feathery rouge and silken-smooth lipsticks to blend and harmonize. Through days of service and evenings of inspiration, your Barbara Gould make-up will reflect your courage and your loveliness.



Face Powder . . \$1.00
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dramatic contrast in these new, exciting separates. The smooth-fitting pastel jacket in aqua or fuchsia, gaily trimmed with black ball fringe . . . the full swishing black skirt, both in rustling rayon taffeta. You'll wear this ensemble for your most brilliant evenings. Sizes 10 to 18, **29.95.** misses' evening dresses, third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

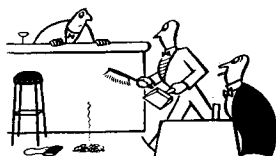
FASCISM was twenty years old Wednesday, the anniversary of Mussolini's March on Rome. We refuse to let the occasion go by without some comment, but all we can think of to say is brief enough to get in under the ten-word limit of a telegram. We doubt that it will live long enough to vote.

IN regulating tires or anything else, there is a point beyond which it is foolish for a government to go. Even Leon Henderson says that. We mean that after the regulatory system has reached certain limits of complexity, a reaction sets in and the prohibitions are met with violations and with the spirit of violation. As soon as a control measure simply antagonizes everybody, then it is no longer worth the ration cards it is printed on. In our opinion the country is perilously near this point in the matter of rubber tires; witness the new and immensely complex Certificate of War Necessity which the owners of trucks are wrestling with at the moment in order that they may continue to operate their vehicles. Our grapevine tells us that even a patriotically minded people is going to balk at too much red tape: they don't mind the deprivation but they can't stand the paper work. In other words, a government finally reaches a point where it has to choose between having the people's tires and the people's patience wear out. In that event, better kiss the rubber goodbye. It's a safer gamble.

Advice to all composers of regulatory legislation for wartime consumption: Make it strict but keep it simple.

IN Australia it is now illegal to employ a woman under the age of forty-five as a chorus girl. This news was flashed halfway around the globe unaccompanied by any supplementary detail ex-

cept that it was a war measure intended to release strong young women for necessary industrial work. We are left wondering what, exactly, the Australian authorities thought they were bringing about when they devised this regulation. Did they think of it as confiscatory legislation, like a hundred-per-cent tax on profits, which would do away with musical comedy altogether? Or did they expect musicals still to flourish, presenting Woman at the time of life when she is said to appeal most to the experienced man of subtle taste? And how in the name of Jake and Lee do they propose to find out how old any given chorus girl is? We never knew a chorus girl who released, or even gave a clue to, any vital statistics but her ankle, thigh, hip, waist, and bust measurements and her telephone number. Chorus girls have never been seventeen and will never be forty-five. They just go on and on, and then, one morning in Dave's Blue



Room, they crumple into a little heap of nylon, Max Factor cosmetics, and scented dust.

A SCHOLAR in our household brought some of his books home from school the other afternoon and we happened to notice one of the titles—"Adventures in Arithmetic." Later, during the homework hour, the pain on the child's face made us suspect that



arithmetic was much the same old bore it had always been, before the pep-title writers got to work on it. That title

"Adventures in Arithmetic" is the work, of course, of the modern jolly-good-fun type of educator who sets out to hoodwink children into believing they are having a less bad time than they are. It is one of the myriad signs, which a child early learns to recognize, of the perfidy and general untrustworthy character of the adult world. Arithmetic, being a compulsory and difficult adventure, is in a class with the campaigning of a conscripted army: adventurously speaking, it may have its moments, but neither young soldier nor young scholar need be much deceived. Both war and arithmetic lead to an interminable period of reconstruction.

IN nominating Thomas E. Dewey for Governor and Miss Clare Boothe for Congress, it may well be that the Republicans are finally on the right track. These are theatrical times and they call for theatrical people. Mr. Dewey and Miss Boothe are both what might be called superheated personalities—the man shrouded in mystery and beset with nameless perils, the lady drenched in beauty (as an English correspondent once dreamily put it), copiously talented, and privy to much military information usually accessible only to Presidents, Prime Ministers, and generals in the field. If anything is certain these days, it is that we shall have fewer and fewer opportunities to watch professional actors—less money, less time, less enthusiasm, perhaps, for the kind of talent that will be available on the stage and screen—and more and more need to extract what entertainment we can from life itself. In the case of Mr. Dewey and Miss Boothe, happily, life deviates only slightly from Broadway and Hollywood. There is the fighting young D.A., handsome, incorruptible, and brave, thrown together by the exigencies of the plot with the beautiful girl who lives in an atmosphere of fashion, wealth, and high diplomatic maneuver-

ings. This is a situation dear and familiar to the American people, and we feel they owe the Republican Party a considerable debt of gratitude for presenting it at this time and with such a notable cast.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On Westchester Avenue in the Bronx are two sedate apartment buildings named Progress and The Future. We wish we could report that the latter building has a tenant named Buck Rogers, but we can't.

Balanced Budget and Voodoo

OUR journalistic spotlight glows dimly this week in the general direction of Liberia, a timely corner of the world now that American troops are there. It happens that we recently had a talk with the Honorable Lester A. Walton, the United States Minister to Liberia, who has been spending several months over here in conference with his superiors. We found Mr. Walton interesting in his own right, as one of the few Negroes ever to serve in the diplomatic corps. He was chosen, of course, because Liberia is populated in part by repatriated American Negroes and their descendants. He's a compact, middle-aged, rather handsome fellow, with a bankerish tinge of gray in his hair. As is fairly often the case, journalism was the springboard by which he got into diplomacy. He started life by working on a newspaper in St. Louis and then came to New York to edit the *Age*, a newspaper for colored people. After this he became a feature writer on the old *World*. Having always been interested in Liberia, he visited there in 1933, sending back articles to the *Age* and the *Herald Tribune*. At this time Liberia had suspended diplomatic relations with both the United States and Great Britain on account of trouble between native labor and foreign industrialists, and Walton was instrumental in helping the League of Nations (remember the League of Nations?) to straighten things out. He was rewarded with his present post, which he has held for seven years.

Mr. Walton guesses

that there are about four hundred Liberians living in and around New York. Some are seamen who took a liking to New York and never made the return trip; others are merely completing their education here. One Liberian lad is deep in radio research at R.C.A., and one of the girls is studying at the Lincoln Nursing School. There's no army or navy in Liberia to speak of, and no air force. The constabulary numbers only twenty-five hundred. During the last calendar year Liberia sent us more than nine thousand tons of crude rubber. Since the Japs got busy in the Pacific area, she's one of the two sources of cultivated rubber open to the United Nations, the other being Ceylon. (That's not counting the South American jungles, of course.) Liberia also produces palm oil and coffee in quantity, and iron, manganese, and gold are mined, though not as assiduously as Mr. Walton would like. Liberia is politically patterned after the United States, with a President, Cabinet, Senate, House of Representatives, and Supreme Court. About the only differences are that the women don't vote and that the President's term of office, since 1935, has been eight years instead of four. The present incumbent is Edwin Barclay, of the True Whig Party.

Mr. Walton was forced to confess that Liberia is not entirely modernized. For instance, to offset the fact that there is a new movie theatre in Monrovia, the capital city, there's the regrettable fact that some of the native tribes—among which are the Gbandi, Mende, Buzi, Grebo, Putu, Sikon, Kru, and

Kpuesi—still practice voodoo, sometimes with human sacrifices. Also, the money now in circulation consists exclusively of hard cash, since the natives are accustomed to bury it for safekeeping and had some unfortunate experiences with bills, which rotted away underground. However, Mr. Walton thinks that travel writers have in general made too much of Liberia's voodoo and too little of her civilization. "They never say, for instance, that Liberia is one of the few countries in the world that operate on a balanced budget," he told us, a trifle bitterly. We duly pass this information along.

Detour

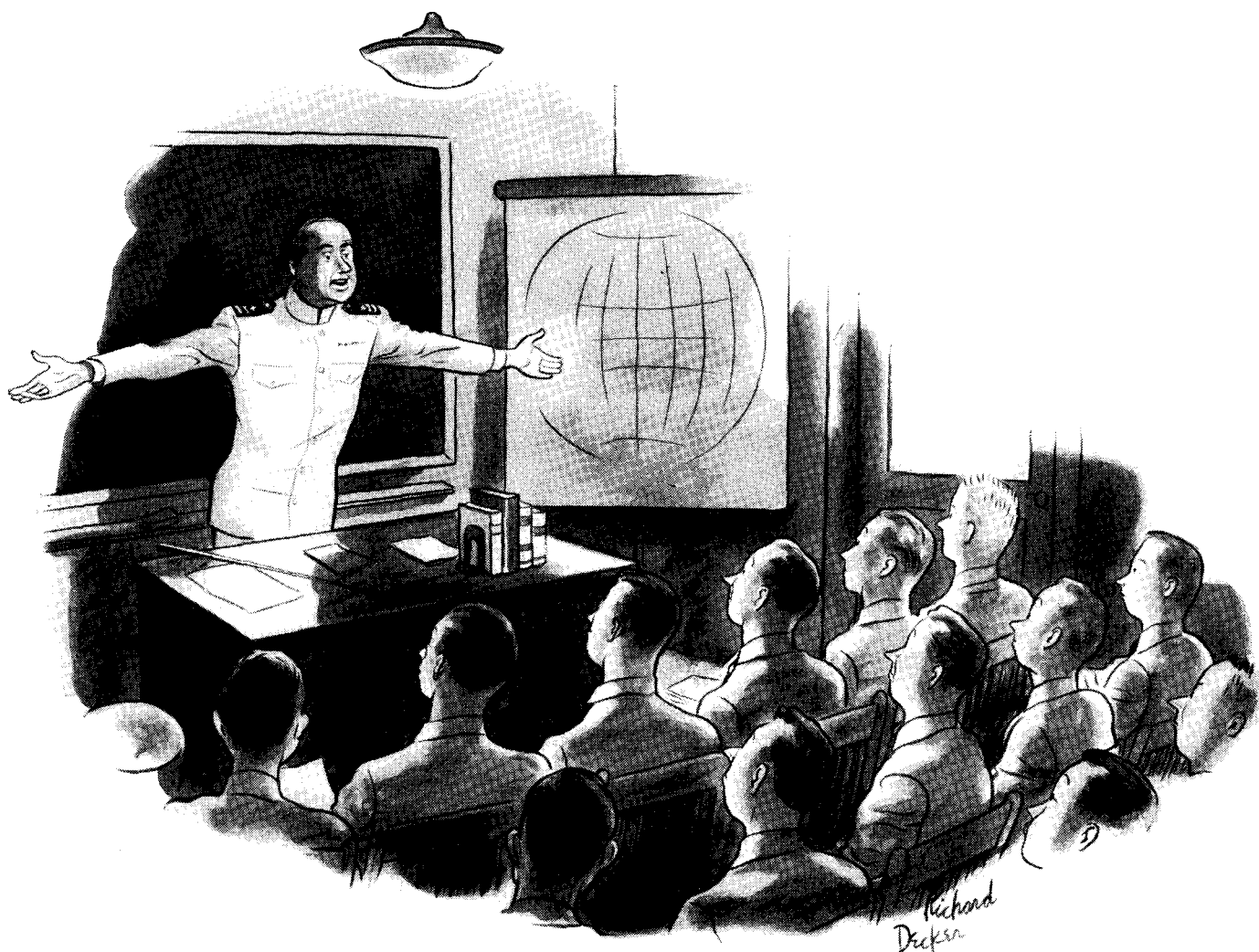
A MEMBER of one of our farthest-flung expeditionary forces was pleasantly surprised recently when a perfectly enormous package arrived for him. He tore it open with eager haste and found, carefully done up in excelsior and tissue paper, the sweetest little breakfast tray and dishes, all over pink rosebuds. Since he was married just before embarking, he figures that the breakfast set must be a wedding present, gone farther astray, probably, than a wedding present ever went before.

Miss Allen

CONSIDERING it to be no less than our duty to tell you something about Miss Ruth Allen, who won the horseshoe-pitching championship of Long Island a week or so back in open competition with men, we trotted out to

Hempstead and interviewed her. She's a delicate-appearing brunette with forthright manners and muscles of steel. "Feel," she said to us simply, flexing her biceps. They were like concrete. One thing that makes her unique is that she always pitches shoes at forty feet, the regulation distance for male competition; the regulation distance for women's contests is thirty feet. Matter of fact, she is the women's world champion at forty feet—a somewhat hollow distinction, since few ladies will even try to compete with her. Anyway, Miss Allen is bored with feminine competition. "You





"Now an ocean spreads out endlessly—all water—sometimes ruffled by things we call waves."

know a woman," she told us. "Slow in every way. She'll do everything but powder her nose before she throws a shoe. I get cold as an old potato waiting around for a woman to throw." We noticed that Miss Allen wore her fingernails long, and ventured to ask if they didn't ever spoil her aim. "Everybody asks about that—they think I'm crazy," she told us. "They break off sometimes, but not much. They click against the shoe when I throw it, but I'm used to that."

Miss Allen has always been interested in athletics. "My brother was two years older than me and thought he was pretty hot at sports, so I took up everything he did, just so he wouldn't get a swelled head," she told us. "Well, it seems there was this Italian fellow, very interested in shoes, and he whips up my father and brother, and then I just naturally took it up myself." This was back in 1935. The Allens, father, son, and daughter, fixed up a place in the back yard to pitch shoes, and before long Ruth

was way ahead. In a couple of years she was good enough to come out second in the Long Island Open State Park Championship. "What knocked them dead was that I did it with a flop-shoe," she told us. A flop-shoe is a pitch in which the shoe turns over once in the air after it has been thrown. "It's strictly a no-good shoe" is Ruth's message to young horseshoe-pitchers. "It's strictly for people who want to get nowhere." Finally, on the advice of Ted Allen, the world champion horseshoe-pitcher and not related to Ruth, she changed over to the conventional pitch, in which the shoe makes a turn and a quarter. For the past four years her *bête noire* in the Long Island tournament has been a chap named Filiccia, who, until this year, always managed to nose her out. "He wasn't any good till he got up against me, then smack, smack, smack—ringer after ringer," Miss Allen said. Filiccia, who is now in the Army, got a furlough and entered this year's tournament. He and Miss Allen met in the finals, and he

got her 47 to 28, with only three points to go, the game score being 50. "Then I got mad inside," Miss Allen told us. "Loop, loop, loop—I went by him like a cloud of dust." We congratulated Miss Allen from the bottom of our heart and walked back toward town, dragging our feet a bit.

Winged Messengers

OUT in the Middle West a blameless travelling salesman was puttering along a super-highway at exactly thirty-five miles an hour when he was overtaken (easily) by a squad of motorcycle cops, who flagged him down and demanded his driver's license, registration, and other credentials. It soon developed that this was no ordinary pinch, that the cops were, in fact, acting on information received from the F.B.I. The salesman, in alarm, asked what he had been doing wrong. "Ya been releasin' carrier pigeons, that's what ya been doin'," they told him, looking under the seats and in

the toolbox. The license number and description of the salesman's car tallied exactly with what they were looking for, and it was evident to him that he must have given somebody, somehow, the impression that he was releasing carrier pigeons. It took him some time to figure it out, but he finally did. He had a nasty head cold, and he'd been using Kleenexes and throwing them out of the car as he drove along. These days, it isn't just the Almighty who takes notice if a sparrow falls.

Botanical Questions

THE New York Botanical Garden, or at least that part of it concerned with answering questions for the public, is now experiencing a brisk little war boom. Most of the questions, as you might guess, are about the possibility of finding domestic equivalents of plants and herbs that used to be imported. For example, an importer called up a couple of weeks ago to ask if there was such a thing as domestic ginger. The staff said no, but suggested that he try Mexico; the other day there was a letter from the fellow reporting that he was in Mexico and finding all the ginger his heart desired. With the supply of Mediterranean brier root cut off, pipe-makers have been asking if our country offers an adequate substitute; they're advised to try mountain-laurel root or, if they operate in the West, manzanita root. One forthright and reasonable request for information came from a lady who had once gone on a prewar cruise that took in Cairo. There she had been served with a delicious vegetable that tasted something like okra. Her question was: What vegetable had she eaten and could she obtain it over here? Dr. H. A. Gleason, the head curator, consulted a Syrian friend of his, who recognized what the lady meant and wrote the vegetable's name, in Arabic, on a scrap of paper. Dr. Gleason then sent the paper to a theological seminary that maintains an Eastern-languages department, and they returned a translation: "Moluchi." A little further scouting revealed that moluchi is available here and is, in fact, served regularly in local Syrian restaurants.

Six dishevelled weeds arrived at the Botanical Garden recently, along with a letter from a man who said that he had found them growing in his back yard. He was confident, he said, that they would produce drugs and chemicals vital to the war effort and was only waiting the Botanical Garden's

go-ahead before starting to cultivate them on a large back-yard scale. The plants are, at the moment, awaiting inspection and analysis. A retired school-ma'am wrote in that she was about to retire and live on some property she had bought in California, and would the Botanical Garden's experts advise her what useful drugs she could grow? Dr. Gleason refused to give long-range advice on such an important matter; he simply congratulated her on her patriotism and advised her to call in a local soil expert. The Navy not long ago inquired about the possibility of growing loofahs under the American flag. Loofahs are the fibrous insides of a certain kind of tropical gourd; ordinarily, they're sold as inexpensive bath sponges, but they are also of use in filtering Diesel oil. The Botanical Garden's reply to this query was prompt, to the point, and subject to censorship. Lots of times Dr. Gleason and his staff get drawn into matters which do not really call for a scientific opinion. Somebody will send in a sample of domestic sage, with the question "Is this as good as Dalmatian sage?" The Garden's policy is to taste and give as honest an opinion as possible but not a yes-or-no answer. Once in a while some adventurous fellow comes in with the announcement that he's off to the South American jungle to gather a supply of drugs, such as quinine, which are running short because of war conditions. Dr. Gleason always tries to discourage these people. "They have no idea of travel and labor problems down there," he says. There's one subject you can't get the Botanical Garden people to say a word about—rubber substitutes. They're too cagey to get caught in that argument.

Good, Cheap Meal

WE have been told of one of the quieter happenings of World War II and set it down for its faint historical interest. A young second lieutenant, but seventy-two hours from the hardships and rigors of a candidates' school, was mousing around the Officers Club in

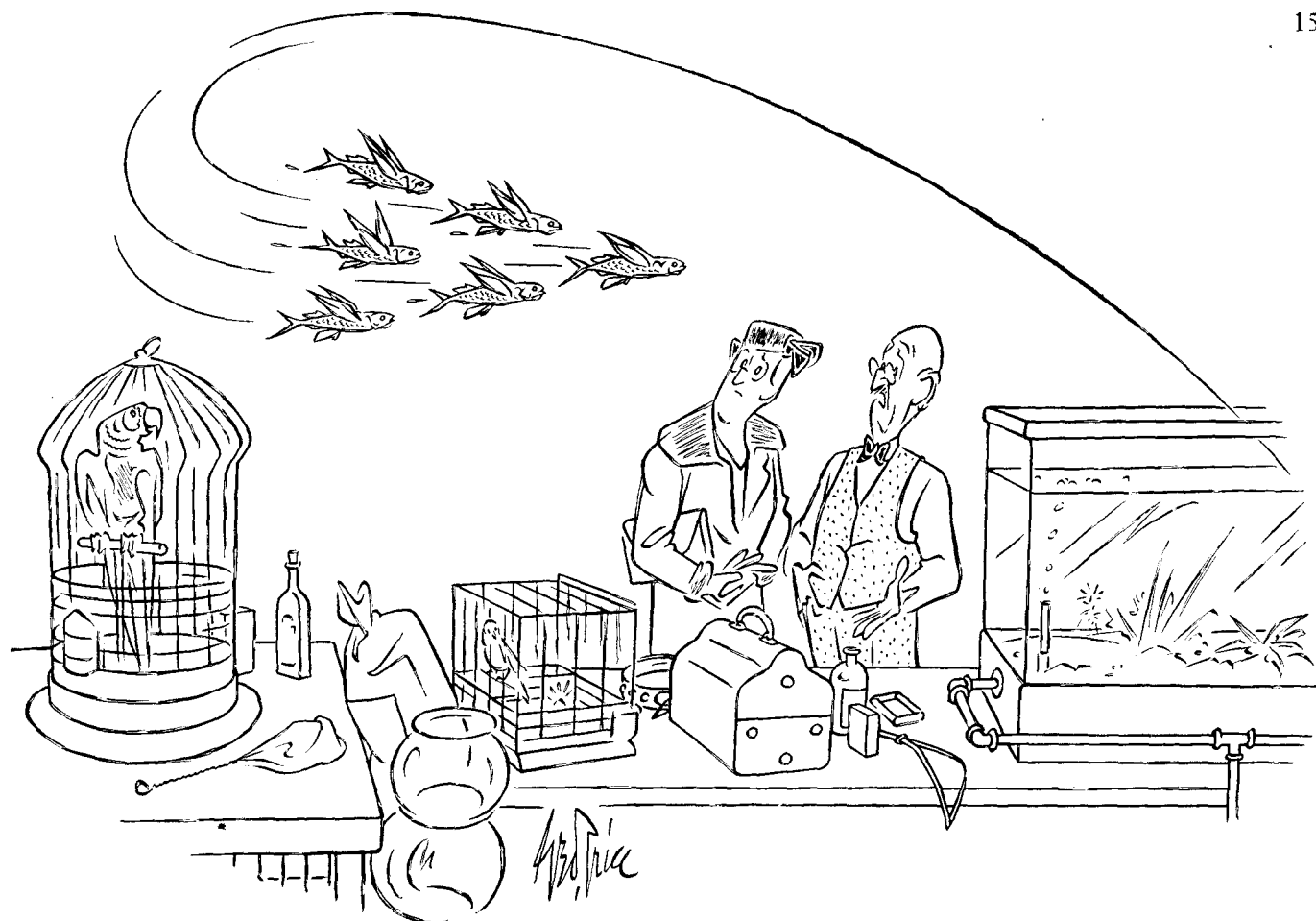


the Commodore and came upon a list of theatres, night clubs, and restaurants that offer discounts, waive cover charges, or otherwise make financial concessions to men in uniform. On the list, proud and lonely, was the Colony Restaurant. Our hero, timidly facing the realities of life on \$142 a month, made some inquiries and, although his hair acquired a curl that remained in it for three days, figured that the discount would enable him to buy a dinner for two with what was left of his life savings after having had his uniforms made. Accordingly, he called up the only girl in the world and took her to the Colony. The management was plainly delighted to have them and one of the captains devoted most of his time to seeing that all went well at their table. By the time the salad had been served he apparently felt well enough acquainted to propound a personal question. "Why," he asked, "don't more service men take advantage of our discount? Do you suppose they don't like our cuisine?"

Comme Il Faut

THE old order seldom changeth without our managing to be on hand, like for instance last week, when Mrs. Oliver Harriman fired the opening gun in a campaign to unseat Emily Post from her position of foremost which-fork authority. Mrs. Harriman, aided by Miss Helen Worden, a *World-Telegram* lady, has written a fat and authoritative volume called "Mrs. Oliver Harriman's Book of Etiquette." B. Altman's gave a party to celebrate its publication. The affair took place after closing hours, in a corner of the fifth floor (rugs, lamps, Venetian blinds, and bedding), which, perhaps in deference to Mrs. Harriman's Southern origins, was decorated with white pillars, smilax, and a bar. The bar was not immediately in sight, but a hospitable B. Altman man, sizing us up in an instant, told us it was in an adjoining room. "In this way we avoid offending the sensibilities of the older ladies present, and also preserve the liquor supply to a certain extent," he murmured. First we were introduced to Mrs. Harriman, who was sitting at a large desk, autographing copies of her book and greeting guests. "Charming party, isn't it?" she said, extending her hand. We agreed.

Near the bar we were accosted by a young lady who asked us to hold her copy of Mrs. Harriman's book while she got a drink. This gave us a chance to riffle through and see what was in it.



"We don't sell them singly, Madam. It breaks up the formation."

Practically everything was in it, we found—answers to such social problems as sneezing, tantrums, chewing gum, latchkeys for young ladies, and over-intimacy between the sexes; recipes for such old standbys as Golden Kisses and Tomato Snow; and instructions for behaving well at funerals and visiting the White House and a lot of other places at which we're not ever likely to find ourself except in dreams. Just as we returned the book to its owner, a strange lady with an English accent (it could well have been Lady Decies, whose name was on the guest list) said "Hello" to us and shook hands. In the ensuing conversation ("Strangers who meet at a small or informal party given by a mutual friend may always talk to each other, even though they have not been formally introduced"—Mrs. Oliver Harriman), Lady Decies told us that she was just barely getting adjusted to the American women's custom of offering their hands when they are introduced to men; it's hardly done at all in England, she told us. She also said that introductions are emphasized much less in England than over here, on the theory that you can always find out who a person

is if you really care. Taking this cue, we gradually drifted away from Lady Decies without ever finding out whether she really *was* Lady Decies and without leaving her the tiniest clue to our identity.

In rapid succession we met Mrs. Roy Howard, Mrs. Harrison Williams and dog, Dr. Davila of Chile, Baroness Dahlerup, Princess Torlonia, Frank Case, and John Erskine. As the party warmed up, we met Miss Worden three times, B. Altman's publicity director twice, and the head of the Book Department four times. At length we found ourself chatting with a gentleman who works for the publisher of Mrs. Harriman's book. He told us that the firm had always specialized in books telling people how to do things—how to ride, sail, control one's diet, draw cartoons, play cards, recognize trees, get a rating in the Army or Navy, and so on. "So then we thought what about etiquette," he told us. "Emily Post has been monopolizing the field—all the other books have been written from the charm angle. So we thought to ourselves, if we can really get somebody big, some dame who knows what she's

talking about, and put a hell of a lot of advertising behind her, like they did with Post, then we might have something." "You've got something big there, pal," we said.

Discipline

A LADY of this city moved to a small town in Texas to be near her husband, now serving with the Army Air Forces. She set up housekeeping in a sketchy way, and even managed to secure the services of a sort of maid, a Mexican girl named María, fifteen years of age and languorous as all getout. It was obvious from the first that María wasn't going to be indispensable, but the situation didn't reach a climax until she failed to show up one day, and, the following day, offered as an explanation the fact that it had been raining. At this the officer's wife admitted defeat, paid María off, and told her not to come back. The next morning, however, there she was, breaking things in the kitchen. "I thought I told you not to come back!" the lady said. María shrugged. "My aunt wouldn't let me," she said.



"It's marvellous! All you do is add water."

SOME SALT ON A BOULDER

POISONING is about the meanest form of murder there is, and I have always thought that in some ways it's even meaner to poison an animal than it is to poison a human. Perhaps that is why I've found it hard to understand how my neighbors in the country could see anything funny about the business of Charlie Aggott and his dogs and the part old man Billinger played in it. But then, even after twenty years in this valley, I am still baffled by the peculiarities of country humor, and maybe in this case they were right, after all. Certainly, no man alive ever got his comeuppance more neatly than old man Billinger did.

The whole thing began one morning early last fall when Charlie walked down the drive from his farmhouse and found his favorite setter, a five-year-old bitch named Molly, lying dead at the roadside near the entrance to the driveway. She lay half in the dust and half in the road's weedy border, and Charlie said later that there was something in her position—almost as if she had been flung there—that at first made him think she had been struck by a car. Then he saw the lathered fur and the jaws wrenched open in their agonized grin, the sticklike stiffness of the legs, and began to wonder.

She was dead, all right; it was only about half past nine in the morning, but the day had started hot and already there were swarms of flies crawling over the body. Charlie didn't kneel down or touch her. He is a tall, lean, solemn-looking man and one not noted for being overly talkative. He just stood there a moment, looking down at the dog; then he turned and walked back up the driveway again. When he got up to the house he was so mad that he didn't even say anything to his wife about what had happened. He went on around to the barn and got out a wheelbarrow. By the time he had trundled it down to the road he found he had company. Alma Evans, walking up the road toward the Blairs', had seen Charlie come out, stop, and then stalk back toward his house again, and she had hurried her steps a little to see what had caused his actions. Young Bill Barlow, plowing in the field across the way, had noticed too; when he had worked his way down to the near end of the field and saw Charlie coming back with the wheelbarrow, he put his team in the shade, climbed the fence, and came down to the roadside. All three of them reached the dog at about the same time.

"Why, that's Molly!" Alma Evans exclaimed. "The poor thing! Is she dead?"

"Looks so," said Charlie.

Old man Billinger, stepping past at that moment, stopped too. "What happened to her, Charlie?" he asked. "Car hit her?"

"That's what I thought at first," said Charlie. "Now I ain't so sure."

"No car's been by, anyway," said Bill Barlow. "I been plowing since early morning. I'd have seen." He had been bending down over Molly; now he straightened and looked at Charlie. "Anyway," he said, "looks to me like she's been poisoned."

"That's what it looks like to me," said Charlie.

Old man Billinger turned his light-blue eyes from one to the other. "Poisoned?" he demanded. He is short and round-bodied, white-haired, and red-faced, and he has reached the age where deafness is a positive convenience to him; he can hear or not, as he wants to. "Did I hear you say poisoned?" he asked. "Why, who would do that?"

Alma Evans, as usual, had an answer. "It's those boys on the hill," she said. "Ain't you heard? Those Kronowitz boys—Perry Hodges was telling me about it just the other day. They been trapping for fox, seems like. They been trapping all through the woods over there, and Perry says they been

setting out poisoned bait, too. He says he's afraid to let his own dogs run anywhere near the place. I bet Molly got to wandering, and sniffed some of that bait, and took it. But it's awful, ain't it?" She looked down at the dog. "You can see how she suffered."

Charlie Aggott left it at that. Helped by Bill Barlow, he got the dead dog's body onto the wheelbarrow and wheeled it away up the driveway. Alma Evans went on to the Blairs', with an item of fresh news to enliven her visit. Young Bill Barlow went back to his plowing. After the news spread through the valley it is to be supposed that the Kronowitz boys cut down on their trapping considerably for a week or two. Meantime, Charlie Aggott buried Molly back of the barn. Charlie, incidentally, is an unusual man for a farmer. Farmers ordinarily don't go in much for hunting; that is, they don't make a sport of it. If a man, in the course of his summer's work in the fields, sees a spot where a family of pheasant has made its headquarters or a thicket where grouse tend to locate, he may mark the place down in his memory. And on the day the season opens he is likely to take a shotgun along as he sets out for whatever work he has planned in that locality. But the idea of spending a whole day prowling the fields and the uplands in search of game is generally foreign to him; for one thing, he hasn't time. Charlie Aggott is different. He has a good-sized farm and he runs it admirably. But in spite of that, he's a wise and enthusiastic hunter and, like all good hunters, he has always devoted a good deal of care and attention to his dogs. He had four, counting Molly—two other fine English setters that were part of a litter he'd had from her—and a kind of nondescript coon hound called Buster. A week after the death of Molly he found Buster lying twitching and gasping in the driveway, halfway up to the house.

Like Molly, the dog had been poisoned, but this one didn't die. Charlie got him to the house, poured salt water down his throat till he swallowed some and vomited; then, with warm milk and whiskey, and then milk and whiskey again, he coddled the dog back to life. Then, as Charlie puts it, he really started thinking.

AT least, the attack on Buster had narrowed things down a little. Molly, it was true, had always been a wanderer. Particularly toward fall, as the scent of game grew stronger in the fields, she had liked to prowl around by



herself, and it was conceivable that on some such excursion she had picked up a bit of poisoned bait and eaten it and had then somehow struggled home before dying. But Buster had been old and sedate; if he stirred at all from the farmyard, it was at night, and for the past few nights Charlie had kept the dogs carefully housed. On that morning, in particular, he remembered that Buster had been waddling around at his heels from the time he got up till he went out to the barns for the milking. He had left him outside when he went in for breakfast afterward, and had lost track of him subsequently. Even so, that left hardly more than an hour unaccounted for, and it just didn't seem in the nature of the dog to have gone very far in that space of time.

Everything suggested that the dog had been poisoned right there in Charlie's own front-door yard. The question then was: Who could have done it, and why? Charlie says he didn't puzzle very much about that problem. There is one thing about poison in the country: it is plentiful. Practically every person in the community is well stocked with every-

thing, from arsenate of lead and nicotine sulphate to corrosive sublimate—all, normally, for crop spraying and dusting.

Coming closer to home and considering only opportunity, there were the Blairs on one side of Charlie's place and the Billingers on the other, the Barlows across the way. From one point of view, none of them could have done it, for Charlie was friendly with them all. On the other hand, any one of them could. The dogs did bark occasionally, thereby doubtless disturbing the Blairs and the Barlows, whose houses were nearest to his. Young Bill Barlow had once tried to buy one of the setter pups from him and had been disgruntled when Charlie refused, and Charlie had a kind of intermittent, long-unsettled feud with old man Billinger about the location of their joint fence line.

Any one of them could have done it, or none of them, depending on how you looked at it. Charlie wisely decided not to look at it that way at all. Instead of using the analytical method, he plumped for the empirical; instead of giving play to suspicion, he determined to watch and see.

The fact that both dogs had been seized in the early morning, and in the driveway, gave him a clue to the poisoner's method: he probably came by soon after milking, at a time when Charlie would be in having breakfast, and dropped a tidbit along the road. Charlie decided to go without breakfast for a few days. There was a clump of trees down by the roadway that he could reach through the orchard without being seen from the neighboring houses; every morning, right after milking, he secreted himself in the lower branches of one of these and kept watch for about an hour. He only had to wait three days. Then he saw old man Billinger coming down the road toward the house.

Charlie says now that there was something in the old man's manner that instantly told him he had found his man at last. Even so, Charlie didn't do quite the right thing. If he had waited there quietly, he might have caught Billinger red-handed. Instead, he dropped down from the tree. When he did that, old man Billinger stopped abruptly and became absorbed in a pile of fresh gravel that had been left in the ditch by some road repairmen a day or two before. Charlie called and started toward him, and at that the old man turned away and began walking back up the road again. Charlie followed.

There must have been something strange in the sight of the two men legging it along the road in the early morning, each one walking a good deal more briskly than usual. Charlie called again, but the old man paid no attention; just pushed his old legs along a little faster. Charlie speeded up too, though by now he was having a few misgivings. He was sorry that he hadn't waited in his tree a little longer and had proof before he acted. As it was, he had only suspicion, and if the old man turned out not to be the poisoner at all, or even if he were and still managed somehow to get rid of the evidence before he was collared—well, Charlie could see that in that case he might be made to look pretty foolish in the encounter.

But he was bound to see the thing through now, come what might, and when the old man turned off onto a field road that cuts up through one of the Barlow meadows, Charlie followed. Halfway across the field he saw something drop from the old man's hand. It was a chunk of beefsteak, as Charlie saw when he reached it, and he picked it up. He also snapped off a branch from a young birch sapling that was growing nearby. Some men *may* carry bits of



NIGHT WATCH

Officer of the Day

beef in their pockets regularly, Charlie thought, but as far as he knew, Billinger didn't have that habit, and he was beginning to believe that a good birch switch might be handy later on.

When he looked up again, however, the old man had topped a little rise ahead and had disappeared. Charlie hurried in pursuit, but when he too came over the rise, Billinger was nowhere in sight, and he thought for a moment he had lost him. Then he saw what had happened. There's a kind of swale, or gully, thickly grown up in brush, that leads down to the left of that point. The old man had swerved down that. It runs out onto a field of Billinger's, where it widens and the brush becomes trees, sloping down to a brook beyond. Charlie didn't have to go that far, however. He was only about halfway through the thicket when he heard someone call from the clearer ground above. Charlie scrambled up, and the first thing he saw was old man Billinger himself, walking slowly toward him and smiling as if he hadn't a care in the world.

"Why, it's Charlie Aggott!" he said. "I was wonderin' who it was crashin' and thrashin' around in there. What brings you over here?" Then he glanced past Charlie and saw the first two or three of a dozen young heifers he owns just coming out of the thicket farther down, and the expression of his whole face changed.

I DIDN'T see the beginning of the chase I've just been describing, but I saw its end. My own land overlooks the field where Charlie and Billinger now were, and as I happened to glance over that way, I noticed them. I saw the old man come out of the thicket, walk swiftly over to a big, flat-topped boulder that stands a little way out in the field, then turn and walk back to meet Charlie. They were a couple of hundred yards away, of course, and I couldn't hear what they were saying; I remember I couldn't help wondering what the two of them were doing out there in the early morning. Then the cows appeared from the thicket and things got still more confusing.

Even from my distance I could see



"I want something in which to vote for Mrs. Luce."

that for some reason the old man just didn't want those cows around at all. He ran at the first pair and succeeded in heading them off. But by that time a couple more had come ambling up, and he darted off after them. And you know how a bunch of young heifers are. They're playful. The more the old man waved his arms and shouted, the more the cows dodged and bucked and tried to get past him.

I just couldn't understand it, but he seemed to be in trouble of some sort, so I ran over. As I got near, it was easier to see what he was up to. Cows never get all the salt they need in ordinary

pasturage. So most farmers pick some spot in their meadows and set up a kind of artificial salt lick there, putting out a few pounds every week or so where the cows can get at it. The flat-topped boulder, apparently, was the spot that Billinger had chosen; there was a scattering of salt, or what looked like salt, on top of it now. It was this that the cows were trying to get at, but the old man seemed bound not to let them have it.

"Don't let 'em touch it!" he yelled at me as I came over.

"Touch what?" I said stupidly. "The salt?"

Old man Billinger glanced once at

THOUGHTS ON THE DIFFICULTY OF IDENTIFYING PROMINENT CITIZENS,

OR WHICH IS ALFRED VANDERBILT AND WHICH IS WHIRLAWAY?

"I used to have a terrible memory for names and faces," an important executive of a large firm said recently. "If I met three or four people at a time I couldn't remember their names ten minutes afterward.... Now I can meet twenty people at a time and remember their names with ease."—*From an advertisement of "How to Develop a Good Memory," by Robert H. Nutt.*

Somehow, Mr. Nutt, we'll wager your anonymous Big Shot
Was better off in the old days, the carefree days,
When his memory was untrained and well-nigh blank
And his powers of visual association were low indeed,
When he didn't know Bishop Manning from Justice Schmuck,
Joe Louis from Lucius Beebe, or Mutt from Jeff,
And when he was not concerned with the problem
Of distinguishing Corcoran from Cohen.

In those happy times he muttered, "Pleased to meetcha,"
Passed on, and if he asked, "Now, who was that?,"
No answer came to his bewildered brain.
He couldn't tell a hawk from a handsaw,
Or Vera Zorina from Madame Perkins,
Or Waxey Gordon from Father Damien.
And one question that never bothered him was
How to remember Herbert Bayard Swope.

And, come to think of it, Mr. Nutt,
How would you go about remembering Mr. Swope?
Would it be by the deep-throated "Harrummpff!"
Or by the carrot hair fringing his lordly brow?
Would it be by his grenadier's stance,
His jaunty, swinging, conqueror's stride,
Or by his husky call, "Ah there, young man!,"
Or by the fact that the name rhymes with "heliotrope"?

In the dead days, Mr. Nutt, your hero
Didn't know Ogden Phipps from Juan T. Trippe,
Artemus L. Gates from Sanford Bates,
And he didn't particularly give a hoot.
He was, in his way, doing all right.
Is there anything to indicate that now
He's really better off, knowing the difference
Between J. Dinsmore Tew and Joseph Newton Pew?

We wonder what you'd do, Mr. Nutt,
You and your unnamed Large Executive,
If you were suddenly confronted in one room
With Monty Woolley and Jo Davidson,
Ernest Boyd, Elliot Paul, and the Prophet Elijah.
For mark you, sir, all have beards,
And no foolproof scheme has yet been found
For telling whiskered men apart.

Isn't your man, even today, somewhat confused
By the Coggeshalls and the Fotteralls?
Can he tell a Cadwalader from a Biddle, and how?
And what of the Colbys, Everett and Bainbridge?
And how would he handle the situation
If introduced to Joseph Tumulty of Washington
And Mr. Timilty, the Boston police boss?
Such things can often drive men nuts.

No, Mr. Nutt, we liked your Big Executive best
When he was his harmless, addlepated self.
Salt of the earth, these men, eternally mixed
Between Heathcote and Snodgrass, Ossa and Pelion,
But not fretting about it one way or the other.
They drained our swamps, built our bridges.
They might not even say, "The face is familiar..."
But they made the American way of life.

—STANLEY WALKER

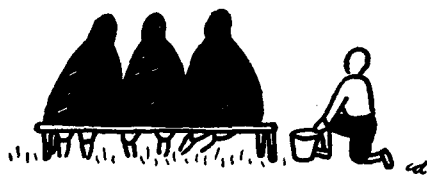
Charlie and then at me. "Yes, the salt," he snapped. "They've had too much of it. Anyway"—he interrupted himself to flail his arms at a Guernsey heifer that was particularly persistent—"anyway, I want to get 'em into the barn."

"Too much salt?" I echoed, still puzzled. That was something I had never heard a farmer complain of before, and it surprised me.

"Something tells me," Charlie said abruptly, and started walking toward the boulder, "something tells me that ain't salt at all."

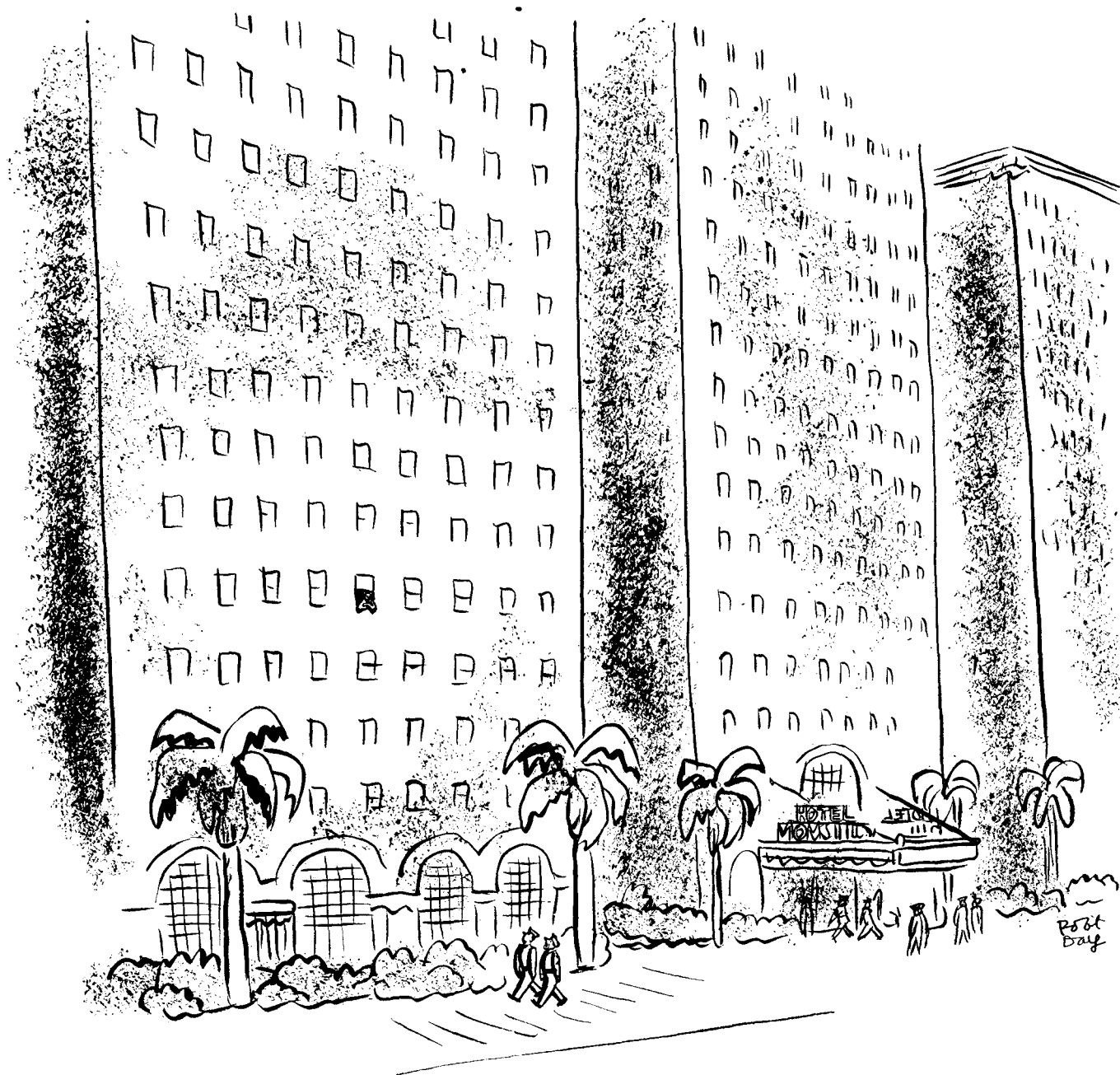
The old man now had Charlie to contend with as well as the cows, and I suppose it was funny, in a way, seeing him dancing about, trying to keep an eye on all of them at once. "God sakes, Charlie!" he screamed. "What are you talking about?" And he tried for an in-

stant to bar his way. Then, failing in that, he made a dash for the boulder himself. Charlie grabbed him. "Maybe there's some salt there," Charlie said, "but I bet there's something else, too. Lead arsenate, maybe, that you poisoned one dog of mine with and tried to poison another." He gave the old man a shake that set his head to twitching. "Only I took after you, and you had to come up here to dump it." He gave Billinger another shake and turned to me. The cows, left alone now, were approaching the rock from all sides.



"You got a coat on," he said to me. "Throw it over that stuff there, will you, so the cows can't get at it." Then he turned back to old man Billinger. "That's what happened, ain't it?" he demanded. "And you got rid of it, most likely, while I was down in the swale there. And the only thing went wrong was you didn't look for them heifers to be feeding here too."

Billinger started sputtering some sort of denial, but his heart wasn't in it, and anyway Charlie didn't let him finish. "Well," he said. He spoke very mildly, but Charlie's a strong man and he was holding the old man in a grip of iron. I saw him smile. "We don't have to argue," he went on. "I'll just leave it to you. Which would you rather have me do—take that coat away and let them heifers go to it or leave it there, and you



"There's Bushnell—poor guy must be confined to quarters again."

take the almightiest birching one man ever gave to another?" His face suddenly got red and his voice loud. "Take your choice now, old man!" he shouted. "Either way you want it, I'm here to oblige."

WELL, it must be that Charlie guessed right about what had happened. Either that or old man Billinger took a mighty sound thrashing for no good reason at all. All this happened more than a year ago now, and there have been no poisonings around here since then. Charlie even speaks to the old man now—after all, they are

neighbors and have to get along—and Billinger answers humbly. He even gave in to Charlie on the matter of the fence line, which, I suppose, is what started the whole affair.

But he hasn't succeeded in living it down. No one mentions it to him directly, of course; no one ever did. But if he goes into the store, for instance, for some groceries, some one of the boys that hang out there is almost sure to get talking to another about salt—don't he need some for his cattle, maybe, or something like that. Or he'll just call out to Billy Evans, the storekeeper, and ask him the price of salt today. With a straight face,

of course, but old man Billinger knows what they're getting at. And when he hears them laughing after he goes out, he knows what that means, too. I sometimes think that must sting even more than Charlie Aggott's whipping did.

—ROBERT M. COATES

Alert wardens and auxiliary police at Market and Sherman streets secured blankets and bags from residents to cover three street lights which are operated by a witch which was inaccessible to wardens.—*York (Pa.) Gazette & Daily*.

It'll be awkward during a real raid.

THE IMPROBABLE EMPIRE

THE SENDAI-TOKIO EXPRESS

IN the bitterly chill spring of 1940, after I had held for several months the chair, or, as it sometimes seemed, the footstool, of Literature at the Imperial Tohoku University in Sendai, I received a formal and only partly comprehensible invitation to deliver a series of lectures at the Imperial University in Tokio. Hikaru, a likable English-speaking student, who was exactly half of the total enrollment in my class in English literature, was given permission to accompany me on the journey down to the Japanese capital, and I left all the arrangements to him. Therefore it did not surprise me when he took my arm one morning as the class of two dispersed and asked me if I would supply him with some information he needed in order to get the tickets. I assumed that he wanted to know when we were leaving, what class we would travel, and so on, but instead he asked me for my passport. "But, Hikaru-san," I protested, "we're not leaving Japan. We're merely going down to Tokio." He looked at me rather desperately and swallowed. Eventually he succeeded in telling me that he wanted the passport to show to the police authorities, who would then permit the railway authorities to give me a discount of ten per cent on my fare. He explained that this discount is allowed to everyone who holds an academic post under the auspices of the government and that my passport bore the necessary evidence. So I took Hikaru home with me and surrendered the passport to him. Three days later he came to me and asked for what I knew to be the full fare. I gave it to him, and asked about the discount. "Ah," he murmured, "but it takes a long time. The next journey down will be cheaper. It takes three, four, maybe five weeks." Incidentally, during my eleven months in Japan I discovered only one thing for sure: that absolutely nothing took place on time.

From Sendai to Tokio is just over two hundred miles. The journey in those days took about ten hours and the express left fairly early in the morning. At seven o'clock a few days later Hikaru and I were waiting abjectly on the platform, surrounded by a group of students who had come to see us off. Not far up the platform a military band was playing a patriotic anthem. It was lined up in front of a sad, gray-haired couple, who were weeping and consoling each other. The man wore a bowler hat and

a dirty brown kimono; the woman wore a pale-gray kimono and carried an umbrella. At the head of the band stood a soldier carrying a funeral urn wrapped in the Japanese flag, and as the train entered the station he stepped forward, to the twentieth repetition of the patriotic song, and presented the urn to the gray-haired man, who bowed and scrambled into the far end of the second-class American-style carriage beside which we were standing. His wife followed him. The brassband continued to honor them with the anthem. Hikaru and I waved at the students and boarded the train. The students bowed in unison and doffed their hexagonal caps as the train moved off. I collapsed into the first seat I saw and immediately regretted it. The couple, with the urn between them, sat across the aisle. A billboard advertisement, conspicuous because printed in roman letters instead of Japanese, moved across the window and fascinated me with its improbability. It warned, "Never say kekko until you've seen Nikko." Doubtless it should be explained that this means "Never say 'magnificent' until you have seen the shrines at Nikko." This use of advertising slogans and commercial catchwords is one of the several undesirable practices which the Japanese have copied from the Occident.

I DO not know where the myth about the cleanliness of the Japanese originated, unless, possibly, from their habit of taking boiling-hot baths in which the water has to be left no dirtier than when entered. The several journeys I made to Tokio by train made me sit up and realize that I had never seen so much dirt anywhere before. The Sendai-Tokio express—it was an express because it travelled at an average speed of twenty miles per hour—was always littered



with miscellaneous and only partly recognizable refuse. The Japanese, when they travel, provide themselves with a variety of small meals which they carry in cartons of light wood or cardboard or wrapped in gay papers. After these have served their purpose they are discarded in the aisle, together with old newspapers, orange peel, sputum, apple cores, and vomit. This debris appears to disaffect no one; it simply goes on accumulating. I used to occupy half an hour of every journey I made by sketching letters of protest to the *Japan Advertiser*, an English-language newspaper. I refrained

from dispatching these principally because it seemed likely that if the usual rate of railway disasters continued, the Sendai-Tokio express would not offend anyone's susceptibilities for long. There were eleven serious railway accidents during the last three weeks of my stay in Japan. These figures may be in excess of normal (I recall taking them from the *Japan Advertiser* when I was en route to Yokohama for my departure), but they did, in fact, indicate the fairly serious state of the Government Railways. It was not sabotage. Rolling stock and rails that should properly have been scrapped a generation back continued to precipitate disasters, which the Japanese seemed to accept as inseparable from progress. Such disasters do not profoundly disturb the Japanese.

They are inured to continual calamity. Earthquakes, tidal waves engulfing whole cities, fires, systematic political assassinations, epidemics of smallpox and typhoid—all these have produced a nation suffering from shock. In spite of these innumerable and truly appalling disasters, I had, in that sad country, the constant sensation that nothing ever happened. Everything was enveloped in an atmosphere of negation, and this I put down simply to the state of daze that must overtake the objects of so much catastrophe. The most treasured proverb of the Japanese is the phrase "Nothing happens." Friends meeting after a prolonged separation greet each other with the hope that, since they last met, life has been uneventful, for the good enough reason that all events in Japan are disastrous.

BY the time the express had reached Fukushima, which is about three hours from Sendai, the air in the carriage had become so unpleasant that I got up and started toward the dining car. Hikaru was dozing, so I didn't disturb him. I made my way through five or six third-class carriages, all even more smelly and unclean than the one I had left, until I heard the chirruping of Japanese diners and the noise of dishes. In the dining car a waiter showed me to a table with a dirty green baize top. I glanced at the menu, which was in Japanese. I couldn't understand a single letter. It occurred to me that I might select my meal by pointing to any agreeable dish being served to another diner, but there weren't any agreeable-looking dishes. All the other diners were noisily, and therefore graciously, enjoying their luncheons of raw fish and an odious concoction of soya beans, and so I resigned myself and ordered a *hamu sandvichi*. This phrase, fortunately, is common property among

foreigners in Japan. In that way I discovered that the Japanese have succeeded in producing ham that tastes strongly of fish; they do this, Hikaru told me later, by feeding the pig on tuna scraps.

When I returned to my carriage the other passengers had got right down to the business of making themselves comfortable for the remaining five or six hours of the trip. All of them, including Hikaru, had removed their *geta* (wooden sandals with cleats under both ends), twisted sideways on the seats, curled themselves up in the posture of embryos, and fallen asleep facing the windows. Hikaru had coiled himself into the same position along our seat. For some reason this made me angry, and I shook him by the shoulder and pointed to a sign suspended from a coat hook between the windows. "What does it say, Hikaru? Possibly it's important." He opened his eyes and swung himself into a sitting position. "It is nothing," he assured me, without looking up. "It is a spy sign."

"But what does it say?" I insisted.

Hikaru turned the sign to the wall. "It says to we Japanese, 'Beware of all foreigners. They are spies.'"

Then I understood why a young woman in an adjacent seat, who was feeding her two-year-old child at the breast, had glared at me in what I thought was a rather brazen way. It was not brazen; it was patriotic.

THE gray-haired couple opposite us slept on, with the urn on the floor directly below the wife. In the folds of the flag that encircled it a photograph had been fixed. Hikaru explained that the photograph was of their son, who had been killed in China, and that they were accompanying his ashes to Tokio for a formal military burial. "It is unbecoming that they should show their sorrow," Hikaru confided to me. "They are probably poor people."

At nowhere in particular the train suddenly stopped short with an enormous sigh and the couple awoke. The husband spat on the floor and proceeded to



"But, Colonel, when you say that life as we know it in Westchester is doomed, surely you mean it humorously?"

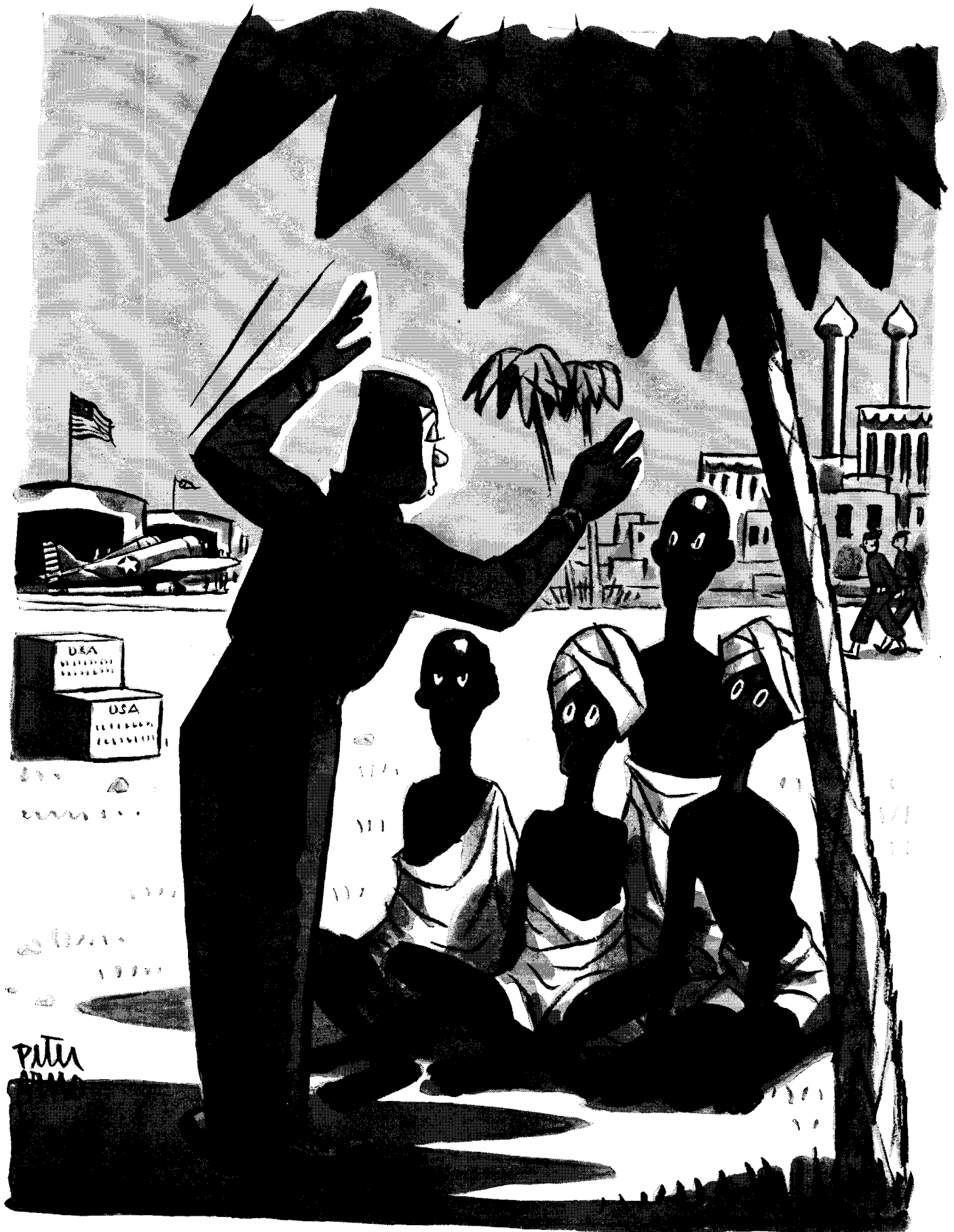
untie a bulky paper-wrapped bundle beside him. He took out a pair of pin-stripe trousers, a gray waistcoat, and a black jacket. Then he stood up on the seat and began to undress. His wife meanwhile picked up the urn and sat quietly with it in her lap, disregarding her husband. He removed his kimono and stood swaying, dressed only in a heavy set of full-length underwear, which, considering the season, I permitted myself to covet, and a pair of socks with the toes gone. I turned to Hikaru, expecting a comment on the habits of the poor, but the disrobing appeared to have no interest for him; he gazed out of the window. The man got into his rumpled mourning garments and sat down. Then his wife stood up on the seat and made several rapid adjustments to her kimono, which put that garment into a state of mourning. (These adjustments, I gathered from Hikaru, are purely ritualistic, like flower arrangement or Japanese archery.) She then sat down with her hands crossed in her lap. They placed the urn between them

and began eating ice cream from a carton, which presumably they had purchased while I was in the diner.

What I suspected about the Japanese nation I thought I saw personified in this couple: people whom disaster had so browbeaten that all they wanted was a carton of ice cream or a change of clothes or a holiday in the city. The ashes of their son lying between them as they ate finally affected Hikaru and me with more melancholy than our boredom could bear, so we went along to the dining car. We stayed there sipping green tea until the express pulled into the Ueno Station in Tokio, thirty-five minutes late.

On the platform another military band stood playing the same patriotic anthem we had heard in Sendai. The first passengers off the train were the gray-haired couple, the husband, with the urn held proudly in front of him, preceding the wife, who walked with her head bowed. They approached the brass band and surrendered the urn to a soldier. The band blared louder.

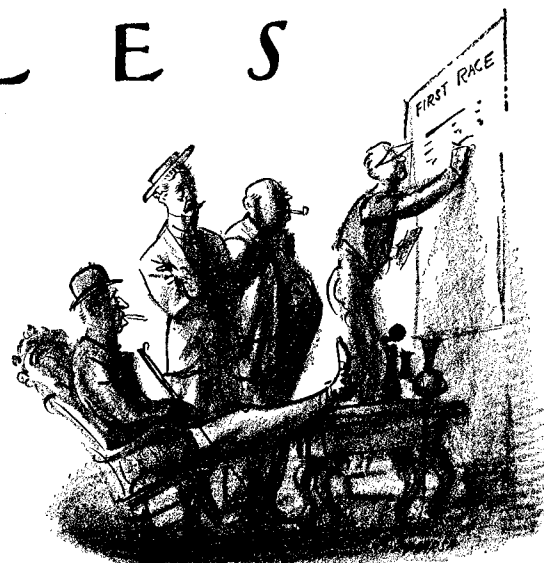
—GEORGE BARKER



*"Mammy's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin',
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin' bread..."*

••• P R O F I L E S

LEGEND OF A SPORT-IV



MEN who were in the late Wilson Mizner's confidence tell of the wide range of devices by which he raised money. A rich young man of Seattle, on a visit to New York, complained to Mizner of a hangover and a complete inability to remember the events of the preceding night. Mizner hopped over to confer with the maître d'hôtel of a reigning lobster palace, concocted an itemized bill for nearly \$2,000, to be split two ways, and had it collected from the Westerner, who was informed that during the period about which his mind was a blank he had thrown one of the biggest and wildest parties of the season. Once, on a visit to a prosperous underworld establishment, Mizner faked the symptoms of scarlet fever. A confederate, masquerading as a physician, notified the proprietress that he would have to quarantine the place for a month. He settled, however, for \$1,000. On one occasion, Mizner sold a selling-plater for ten times its value by the simple device of moving back the six-furlong post in an early-morning workout, thereby shortening the course so that a stop-watch indicated that the horse had broken the six-furlong record.

He was twenty-five or twenty-six when he executed one of the most profitable of his coups. A close pal of his was a member of a San Francisco family which had gained enormous wealth in Nevada silver mines. Mizner took the young scion of the Comstock lode to New Orleans; their mission was to clean out a poolroom with the help of inside racing information. What the young silver millionaire didn't know was that the poolroom, with its entire personnel, customers and all, had been organized by Mizner solely for the purpose of getting a slice of the silver millions. Mizner's net profit at the expense of his bosom friend was more than \$100,000, and in those simple days it lasted him more than a year. Mizner never had the slightest compunction about this informal method of redistributing the wealth. On their return to San Francisco, the young silver millionaire became suspicious and accused Mizner of fraud. Mizner gave him a beating, after which they became comrades again.

On other occasions, Mizner opened poolrooms and gambling houses, each for the purpose of fleecing a man of

great wealth. For the exclusive benefit of the son of one of New York's richest bankers, he rented a house in Great Neck and installed a small stock company of underworld characters, who went through the motions of gambling for large sums in order to make the sucker feel that he was only one of many wealthy patrons. The Great Neck establishment failed with a considerable loss. The sucker had lost more than \$200,000 when the operator applied too much magnetism and arrested the roulette ball in mid-career. The sucker grabbed his money. Mizner fled.

A trip on an ocean liner usually produced a substantial bank roll for Mizner, whether he played honestly or otherwise. On rare occasions he picked the wrong man. He once drew a simple-looking stranger into a poker game and let him win for a while. Suddenly they began raising each other wildly, and the stakes became enormous. Mizner laid down four queens and reached for the pot. The stranger laid down four kings. Mizner pushed the pot back across the table. "You win, stranger," he said, "but those are not the cards I dealt you."

ALTHOUGH Mizner preyed on suckers most of his life, he was never appreciative. He seemed to have a genuine hatred of them. He regarded them as a corrupting influence. He never showed regret for his misspent life, but his bitterness on the subject of suckers apparently reflected a deep conviction that he would have been a credit to society if he had not fallen into their company. He asserted that confidence men did not discover suckers. The suckers, he said, hunted up the confidence men and usually brought them suffering and disgrace. He regarded the sucker as an unconscious *agent provocateur*. The police were never known, he asserted, to catch a confidence man until the suckers found him for them.

Mizner had a social philosophy on this subject. He particularly objected to Gold Coast punks who dangled inherited bank rolls before the eyes of resourceful men, and he disapproved of a government which allowed such things

to be. He said that he had already been "sucker-sour" at the age of twenty-two. Tex Guinan's "Hello, sucker" was borrowed from Mizner. Other lines of his on this subject were "A sucker is born every minute, and two to take him" and "Boost a booster, knock a knocker, and use your own judgment with a sucker." Some authorities credit him with "Never give a sucker an even break," but this is disputed.

In spite of his bitterness toward suckers, Mizner found life a bore without them. Lewis Milestone, the motion-picture director, took Mizner to Palm Springs in the late twenties, when the resort was in its infancy, in the hope of inducing him to write a scenario. This had been impossible in Hollywood, where there were too many distractions. Arriving at Palm Springs, Mizner said that the entire population of the resort consisted of suckers and that it would be impossible for him to write anything until he had trimmed one. To quiet the conscientious scruples of Milestone and another writer who was working on the picture, Mizner promised to make restitution of all the ill-gotten gains. He trained Milestone and the writer for hours for their part in trapping the victim. Milestone was to drop a dice accidentally near the proposed sucker; the second man was to pick it up casually and ask the stranger if he had lost it; Milestone was to come back and claim it; the two were to laugh and joke a little, including the stranger in the conversation. Mizner was then to happen along and sweep all before him with his jovial personality, scooping up the stranger as a vacuum cleaner picks up a grain of dust.

Mizner chose a little old man in a corner of the lobby to be the sucker. Milestone and his companion went

through the lost-dice routine. The little old man watched the proceedings with a face of granite. When Mizner came up radiating infectious bonhomie, the little old man cried, "Wilson Mizner, since when have you been reduced to hunting for suckers in the middle of a desert?"

"This isn't fair," said Mizner. "You know me."

"I didn't have to know you," said the elderly stranger. "But tell me, where did you pick up these chumps? This one drops a dice like a hot flatiron, and that one stumbles over it like an iceberg. How come you're working these parts with chumps like them?"

"Who are you?" asked Mizner.

"Have I changed that much?" the man asked in turn.

Mizner finally recognized him as a cardsharp who had operated on the ocean lanes with him fifteen years before. Illness had caused him to retire to the desert. Mizner ordered dinner and champagne for four. Next day he went to work on the picture.

Besides commercializing his underworld lore in writing, Mizner gave it away to his friends. A member of his set in San Francisco years before was a young fellow who sold burnt-leather novelties to local merchants. The merchants beat down his prices until he could barely make a living. This was back in the days when the big executive cultivated the glare of a wild boar and fixed his blazing eye on an inferior to test his character. The superstition then was that if a man could not look you in the eye he was dishonest. The executive usually had his desk about twenty feet from the door so he could break a visitor down with his death-ray eyes before he had time to take a seat and start a conversation. The young leather salesman was defeated the moment he entered one of these offices. He sat there convicted of larceny while the merchant took the burnt leather at his own price. Mizner, always a champion of the underdog, was up in arms on hearing of this situation. He had learned an antidote for the glaring eye of authority from a friend of wide penitentiary experience. He taught the young leather salesman never to look a man in the eye but

always to fix a sober gaze on a spot between his eyes, just above the bridge of the nose. "When you learn to do that," said Mizner, "no man can outstare you. He thinks you are staring at him, and you are not even aware that his eyes are on you."

Mizner's convict friend had made this discovery after losing optical duels for years with detectives, district attorneys, turnkeys, and wardens. The young burnt-leather man practiced the trick until he found himself staring the most ferocious merchants into helplessness. The price of burnt leather soared.

As his impudence increased, the salesman became a writer. He is today one of the best-known motion-picture scenarists in Hollywood. Recently he was in conference with an executive noted for his menacing eye. As the conference proceeded, the executive nervously opened drawer after drawer in his desk and fumbled among their contents. Then he inspected his shoes. At last he burst out, "For God's sake, man, stop looking at me like that!"

This recipe for changing a slave into a tyrant has been a closely guarded secret for years. Until very recently it is said to have been known to only eight people.

WHILE Mizner was devoting much of his leisure to the denunciation of suckers and chumps, his routine evening in Hollywood consisted of coming to the Brown Derby, of which he was part owner, with a thick roll of

bills and giving them away a few at a time to professional moochers. By midnight he would be reduced to getting his paper from his newsboy on credit. He offered a feeble resistance to some of the demands on his purse. Once, when a borrower asked for fifty dollars, he said, "Here's twenty-five dollars. Let's both make twenty-five dollars." When a burglar came to him for a loan, he said, "Doesn't it get dark any more?"

For Mizner's protection, special glass was put into the front doors of the restaurant; a man inside could see out, but a man outside couldn't see in. With the help of this device, Mizner occasionally escaped. Once he jumped up at the sight of a small-loan nemesis and hurried to the washrooms. The knob of the washroom door was loose. It turned round and round in his hand and prevented his getaway. Mizner called to Robert Cobb, one of his Derby partners, "Hey, Bob! Take this knob and put it on the safe in your office. Jimmy Valentine couldn't crack it in three days."

Brusque and blasphemous in his own coterie, Mizner would put on an unctuous, ingratiating, Dale Carnegie manner at the approach of a stranger who appeared prosperous. His hope of finding new suckers to trim never deserted him. He would even stop eating a sizzling beefsteak in order to fawn upon a possible chump. In his later years he had almost entirely lost the sensation of taste; heat gave him an illusion of flavor, and his chief pleasure of the table was a blistering-hot sirloin. His regular crowd always preserved silence until he had consumed it. One night he was half through a hot steak when a well-groomed stranger appeared and offered to bet that Mizner couldn't remember him. Mizner sized up the stranger as a confidence man's dream. He forgot all about the steak and began to pour on the fraudulent camaraderie in his best how-to-win-friends manner. Didn't I meet you at Palm Beach? No. Monte Carlo? Wrong. Saratoga? Wrong again. Now I remember—Deauville? Still wrong. "Where was it?" Mizner finally demanded. "At the Hotel Ambassador last Wednesday," the man said. "Don't you remember? I showed you the samples of my new shirtings."



Mizner picked up his steak knife, struggled to his feet, and chased the stranger into the night.

MOST of Mizner's motion-picture work was done on the Warner Brothers lot. He was a writer who never wrote. His method of collaboration was unique. At the studio he slept most of the time in a huge red plush chair, which so closely resembled an archiepiscopal throne that he was called the Archbishop. When Mizner's literary partners needed some lines or ideas from him, they would shake him gently and start him talking. After half an hour or so they would order him back to sleep while they sat down at their typewriters and worked up his conversation into script form.

After thirty-five years of a strictly nocturnal life he was a dormouse in the daytime. One afternoon his collaborators moved his throne to a door commanding the corridor and assigned him to watch the fun they were having with an English writer. The Englishman was considered aloof. To shake him out of his insularity, one of the collaborators had forged an executive's signature to a note advising the Briton that his private life had caused unfavorable comment even in broad-minded Hollywood and inviting his attention to the morals clause in his contract. Running past Mizner, the Britisher rushed into the executive's office and punched him in the nose. Mizner slept through it all.

The only time Mizner was ever known to show excitement in Hollywood was when his friend Jack Johnson, the former heavyweight champion, arrived at the Warner lot to play a small

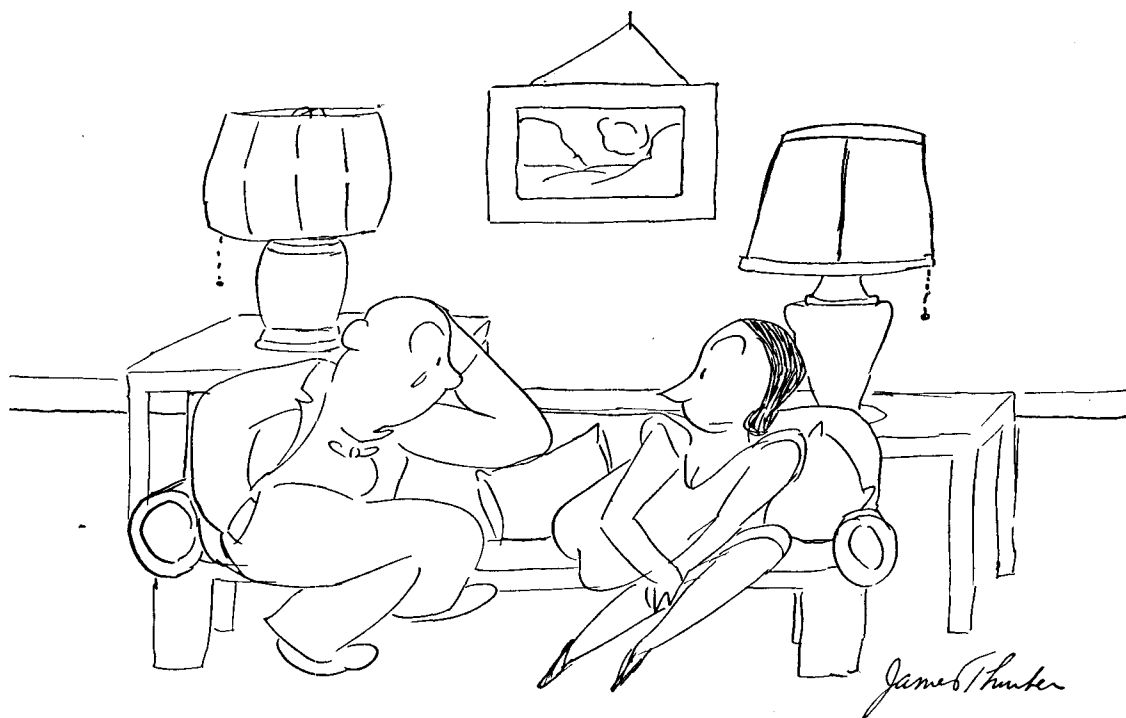
part. To most people, Johnson was just an old colored man, but Mizner threw his arms around him and kissed him on both cheeks. He introduced the fighter with great ceremony in order to make sure that the heads of the studio realized how much they were being honored.

There were large gaps in Mizner's pose of being the hardest, coldest, and most callous man in the world. He used

to visit narcotic hospitals to cheer up old pals. He had a real talent for comforting a friend in distress. One day he became greatly concerned over a change he saw in an old acquaintance, a screen writer who believed himself to be suffering from incipient insanity. The scenarist had just tried to introduce a man he had known for twenty-five years to another whom he had known for ten



"Can you make any sense out of this new accelerated course in aerodynamics?"



"My wife wants to spend Halloween with her first husband."

years. He had forgotten the names of both of them and was sure that his mind was cracking up. "I've known you for thirty years," said Mizner, "and that is the most hopeful sign I've seen in you. Now you're going to amount to something. Don't you know that when you forget your wife's name, your telephone number, and where you live, you're getting somewhere? Where would you be if you knew all the Vice-Presidents by their first names? You'd be getting thirty dollars a week. I wouldn't give a quarter for a son of a bitch with a memory."

Mizner assumed that any friend of his would be in the wrong nine times out of ten. His advice to one of his young protégés was that if the man were ever in the right, he should waylay the other party in a crowded hotel lobby and carry on the discussion in ear-piercing screams.

IN conversation Mizner did his best to suppress the instincts of humanity. His later comic style was largely ridicule of all sentiment and feeling. Although at times he could be soft in his behavior, he aimed at being as satanic as possible in speech. He and his brother Addison both maintained a pose of being completely divorced from human emotion. Anything shocking or saddening was made to order for their wit. Death was the finest of all comedy subjects, because it provided the largest amount of emotion to be deflated. When Wilson and Addison were living together in Palm Beach,

Addison came in one day with the news that another brother, Lansing, a San Francisco lawyer, had been killed in an automobile accident. "Why didn't you tell me before I put on a red tie?" said Wilson.

A young woman with whom Wilson had quarrelled threw herself from the eleventh floor of a Palm Beach hotel. The hotel clerk telephoned the news to Addison, who broke it to Wilson. Wilson picked up his hat and cane. "Where are you going?" asked Addison. "To Bradley's," said Wilson. "I'm going to lay a bet on No. 11. You can't tell me that isn't a hunch." This, to some of Wilson's admirers, was proof that his heart was broken.

He was working in Hollywood early in 1933 on a picture called "Merry Wives of Reno" when he received word that Addison was dying. He wired, "Stop dying. Am trying to write a comedy."

Singularly enough, the best-known and probably the greatest of Mizner's sayings is the only emotional line in his entire anthology, and it bears on the subject of death. In 1910, Mizner was the manager of Stanley Ketchel, the great middleweight who lasted twelve rounds with Jack Johnson. Ketchel was the embodiment of the fighting spirit. News was telephoned to Mizner that Ketchel had been shot and killed. "Tell 'em to start counting ten over him, and he'll get up," said Mizner.

Fatal illness was almost as happy a

subject of merriment as death. One of Mizner's closest friends was Grant Clark, the songwriter. Like most other songwriters, Clark lived chiefly on advances from publishers. Shortly before his death he tottered up to Mizner's table in a restaurant. He wanted to borrow twenty dollars. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mizner. "I'll take you around to Campbell's and get an advance on you."

MIZNER got all possible comedy value out of his own last illness. In March, 1933, in his fifty-seventh year, he had a heart attack at the Warner studio. When he recovered consciousness he was asked if he wanted a priest. "I want a priest, a rabbi, and a Protestant clergy-

man," he said. "I want to hedge my bets."

His heart attack, President Roosevelt's inauguration, the bank holiday, and a California earthquake came at almost the same time. Mizner criticized this piling up of climaxes. "Bad melodrama," he said.

Told that death was only a few hours away, Mizner rallied strength to send a postcard notifying a friend. "They're going to bury me at 9 A.M.," wrote Mizner. "Don't be a sucker and get up."

When they arranged a tent over him for the administration of oxygen, he said, "It looks like the main event."

Coming out of a coma shortly before his death, he waved a priest away disdainfully. "Why should I talk to you?" he said. "I've just been talking to your boss."

The priest gently reproached Mizner for levity at such a time. He told the sick man that his death might come at any moment. "What?" said Mizner. "No two weeks' notice?"

—ALVA JOHNSTON

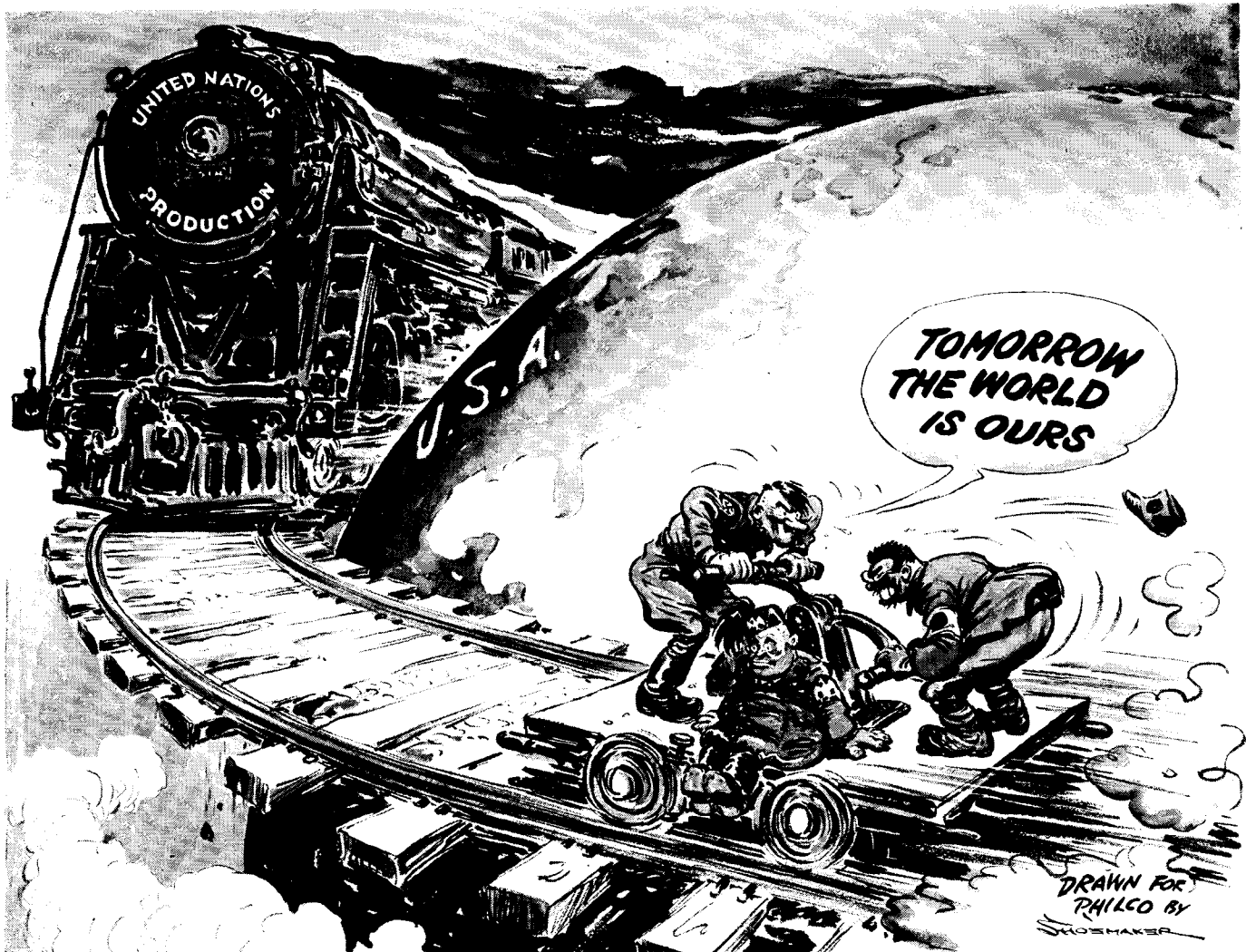
(This is the last of four articles on the late Wilson Mizner.)

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Herald Tribune]

The leather bag in which he made daily trips to New York with money and papers was fastened to his shoulders like a knapsack. It was locked, and Mr. Bredamus kept the key in a vest pocket.

Sez You!



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OUT OF THE MOTHBALLS

JOHAN VAN DRUTEN's "The Damask Cheek," at the Playhouse, seems to me a rather troublesome mixture of felicity and foolishness; that is, while its dialogue is often graceful and inventive, its plot is the sort of tenuous moral fable that might strike even a matinee audience as being faintly on the childish side. For the benefit of those who may suspect me of assaulting its author without reasonable provocation, the action of "The Damask Cheek" takes place in a fashionable house in the East Sixties in the year 1909. This obviously has certain advantages for the playwright, since it permits him that combination of quaint

dress, humorous topical comment, and antique popular music that has often deluded unwary spectators in the past and surely will continue to do so as long as there is a reference book left in the library. It also allows him to suggest an atmosphere of innocence, occasionally bordering on imbecility, that is pretty funny too, though now and then, reflecting on various sporty antiques I have known, I doubt whether it really has any special basis in fact.

Anyway, in these nostalgic surroundings we find the Randall family and some subsidiary waxworks. The son of the house (Myron McCormick in a

suit that buttons up to his Adam's apple) is engaged to an actress (Celeste Holm in a series of period costumes that I am not equipped to discuss) whose mercenary nature would have been instantly apparent to my grandmother. This situation naturally distresses his mother, a proud dowager of standard comic design (Margaret Douglass), and fascinates his young brother (Peter Fernandez), who has paid an "illegal visit to Belasco's "The Easiest Way" and is therefore under the impression that all actresses are bound directly for hell, by way of Rector's. The most seriously agitated member of the household, however, is a visiting Englishwoman (Flora Robson, incredibly miscast), who has been secretly in love with young Randall since they were children together. For good measure, Mr. van Druten has also inserted a glossy character, alleged to be a famous seducer; a pretty school-girl, inexplicably in love with him; and two old family retainers, who tidy up the plot a bit from time to time. How Mr. van Druten finally manages to transfer Mr. McCormick from Miss Holm to Miss Robson is a trade secret, but the technique, in pugilistic circles, would probably be described as fighting his way out of a paper bag. All this, as I've said, is marked by considerable stretches of pleasant and literate dialogue, but otherwise I'm afraid the evening has to be described as moderately discouraging.

RICHARD WRIGHT's "Native Son," which has reopened at the Majestic, is an example of what might be called partial rewrite. It has been brought up to date in that various references to a Second Front and discrimination against colored troops ("There ain't no Jim Crow bullets") have been written into the script, but Bigger Thomas still keeps his job as a chauffeur employed almost exclusively to drive a young woman around to night clubs, just as if the rubber shortage had never been heard of. In spite of a few perplexities like these and some replacements in the cast that don't seem altogether fortunate, it remains a tragic and eloquent play, well worth your attention. As before, Canada Lee plays the doomed and hunted colored boy, and he is magnificent.



"STRIP FOR ACTION"

This picture may give you a rough idea of what happens when a burlesque troupe shows up at an Army camp. The large, sporty figures in the foreground are Keenan Wynn and Joey Faye; the smaller ones are just soldiers and a few of the dames. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy is at the National.

JUST why anybody thought it necessary last week to revive either "Bird in Hand" or "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" is too hard a problem for me, since they must be two of the most dismaying compositions on record. If your

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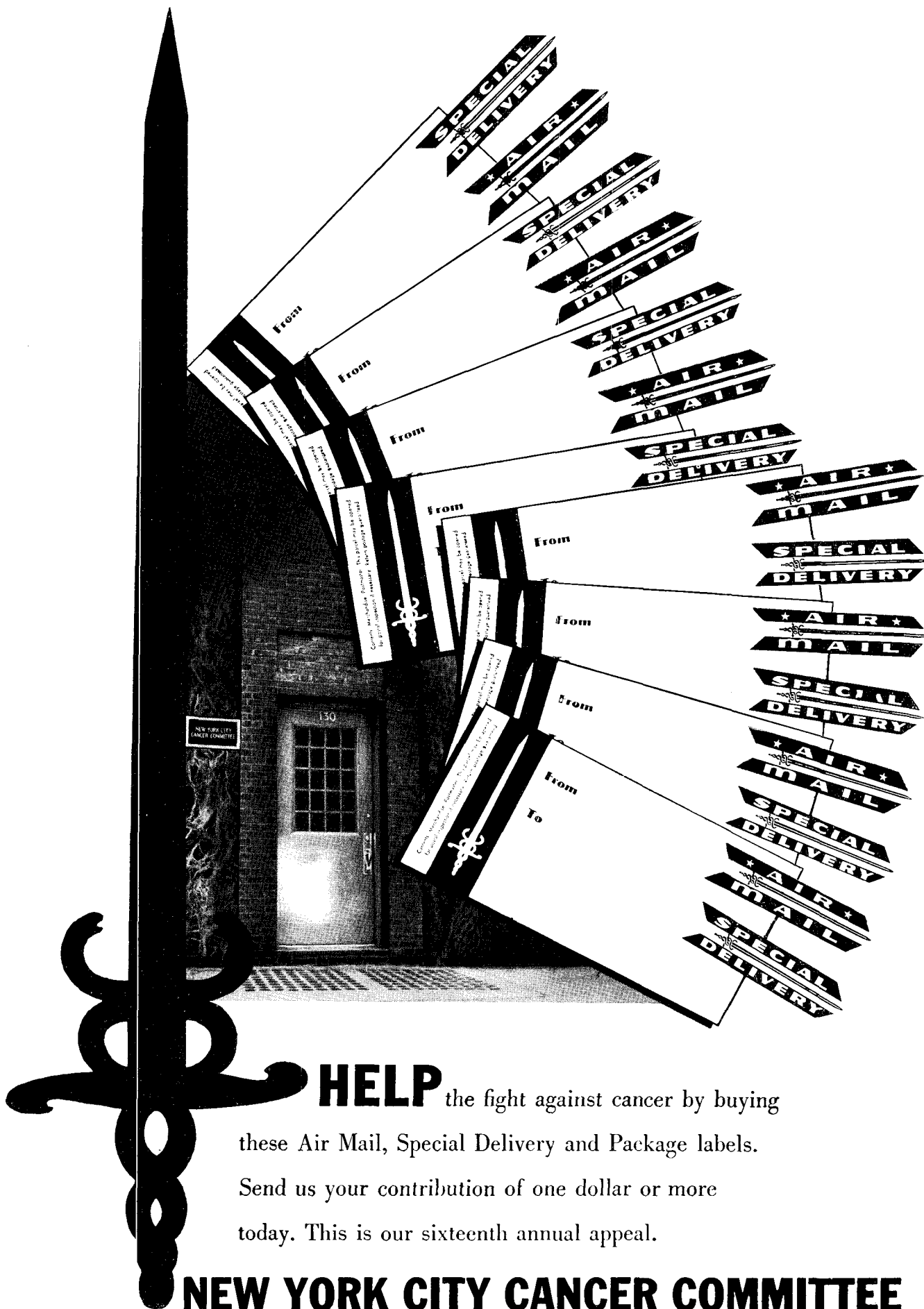


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theatrical memory goes back thirteen years, you will probably recall "Bird," by John Drinkwater, as a comedy about a Gloucestershire innkeeper who objected to having his daughter marry "above her station," as the English used to put these things. In the lost and lovely days of the Coolidge administration, it is just possible that Mr. Drinkwater's play had a mildly genial air about it; the other night it seemed as faded and foolish as an old valentine and, in view of certain social readjustments that have taken place in the meanwhile, perhaps a little impertinent, too. There is always, of course, the chance that the production at the Morosco may have had something to do with all this, but I doubt it. Romney Brent, Viola Roache, Nicholas Joy, and a generally competent cast delivered the author's lines with spirit and a clear conviction that they were terribly funny, and Ronald Hammond's direction was equally enthusiastic. I guess it was just a pretty bad play in the first place. . . . "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" requires an excursion into the past as far back as 1906, which is a year or two outside my range. Of the latest version, at the Mansfield, I can only say that it appeared to combine all the worst features of the musical-comedy stage as I know it and as it must have appeared to my ancestors. Much of the humor in this curious experiment was based on chronic alcoholism—the scene was laid in a sanitarium devoted to the celebrated Keeley Cure—and now and then it struck me as a little clinical, or perhaps just gruesome. I had left, in a sudden fit of violent depression, not unlike the earlier symptoms of delirium tremens, by the time Joe Howard sang "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," but I'm told that this was an appealing performance. If it was, it took place in the wrong theatre.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

They were married in the village church and went to Paris for their honeymoon. May had never been abroad before and she enjoyed herself. Roger knew Paris well and his French was fluent. They went to Montparnasse and Montmartre. They ate in famous restaurants. It was fun to go about with someone who knew all the ropes and of course because she had known him so long and so well she felt very much at home with him. They had so many common memories that they were never at a loss for something to talk about. They had always been good friends. The only difference was that they slept in the same room. May, brought up in the country and a great reader, was not ignorant of the facts of life.—From "The Hour Before the Dawn," by W. Somerset Maugham.

Everything seems to be going great.

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WONDERFUL VISIT

SHOCKED as I was by the news of Michael's sudden wedding in the middle of his freshman year at college, I could not help being grateful for its timing. It would certainly enliven my mother's annual visit to New York. For other guests, I might hope for good art at the galleries, a fat opera season, or a round of parties, but for entertaining my mother, this item of gossip was choice beyond my dreams. Michael is the only son of her old friends Mark and Hilda Bliss (whom I have always called Uncle Mark and Aunt Hilda), and Mike's marriage at the age of seventeen had been hasty and necessary. It had been held unceremoniously at the office of a justice of the peace.

Mother, you see, is addicted to the details of other people's lives. The more intimate they are, the more sustaining to her euphoria. Failing first-hand items, she fills out her quota from what she believes to be the literal records of human folly and its consequences in the confession magazines. But this year I felt certain that I would not find any copies of *Real Romances* around my apartment during her visit.

It was pretty disappointing after all this guilty anticipation to have her reject my perfect offering.

"Don't be absurd," she said firmly. "Michael is just a baby. It would be impossible for him to marry without his parents' consent."

"He had his parents' consent," I told her, somewhat grimly.

"Nonsense!" Mother said. "Mark and Hilda have had that boy's future mapped out ever since he built his first bridges with Tinker-toys."

My silence apparently shook her certainty, for I saw the flash of pink nail polish and diamonds as her small hands clasped and unclasped. "But why?" she asked in real distress. "What could they be thinking of?"

"The facts of life," I told her. "Surely you should know." After all, this was right up her *Real Romances* alley.

"But that can't be," she said, rather desperately.

"I'm afraid it is." This was turning out to be no fun at all.

"But the girl—surely Mark could have"—she searched for the right

phrases—"could have bought her off. The—the little tramp!"

I shook my head. "Money wasn't any object with Patricia. She's always had plenty."

"Plenty of money?" The word, as Mother said it, was charged with horror.

I nodded.

Then Mother's eyes lit up. "I see. You mean she's an actress and he picked her up in some night club."

"No. He met her, it seems, at one of those monthly teas the president of his college gives."

"Ah," she said. "One of those co-eds."

Before I could speak she saw that the picture did not fit. "But there *are* no girls at Tech!"

"Since the war, they've been admitting a few to the graduate school," I told her, almost reluctantly. "Patricia's been working for a degree in science—chemistry or physics, I forget which."

That floored her. She just stared at me, helplessly. For a minute she couldn't fit the picture of a girl scientist into her scheme of things. But then her back straightened again and she spoke in a sort of trancelike murmur. "The career girl," she said slowly. "Or perhaps a rich heiress brought up by governesses and tutors. Unhappy, self-willed, ruthless, a radical perhaps. Or an orphan—"

"Her family lives in Green Lawns."

The name of the Westchester suburb took on a curious brutality. "Uncle Mark was inclined to treat her father with a certain high-handedness," I went on nervously, "till he discovered that they were presidents of neighboring chambers of commerce. Also, it seems that the Carters' second car is a Packard, against Uncle Mark's Buick."

Mother's pretty arrangement of blue-white curls seemed to quiver. "But it doesn't happen," she said in

a moaning gasp. "Not in such families."

I was suddenly ashamed of my obtuseness in looking forward to presenting Mother with Mike's marriage as tasty gossip. I had forgotten the rigid structure of Mother's certainties, into which all facts must fit.

She was almost hopeless when she brought up her last protest. "But if this girl is modern, even a scientist"—she

hesitated shyly and turned her face away in delicacy—"if she has a good brain, then surely she could have used it. I mean, girls nowadays—"

I shrugged to suggest the limits of my information. Mother rose, her shoulders drooping. "I think I'll take a nap," she said. This was complete defeat.

MOTHER came down to dinner looking completely refreshed. A soft, sweet pinkness glowed through her tidy makeup. "That poor child!" she said in a voluptuously gentle tone. "After all, no woman has any real defense against the predatory instincts of the male."

It was hard to see my cheerful, happy-go-lucky young friend Mike in the rôle of the ruthless aggressor, but I didn't say a word.

"I must show the dear child that the world is not without understanding," she went on briskly. "Now, when would be the best time to go out to Hilda's?"

"She asked you to lunch tomorrow," I told her, "and since tomorrow is Sunday, Mike and Patricia would be sure to be home. They're living there, you know. But are you sure you want to meet her right away?"

"It would hardly be kind to appear to avoid her," Mother said with dignity.

Still, I couldn't let her go without a warning. I took her to the station the next morning and at the train gate I said, "Remember, the modern generation doesn't wear its heart on its sleeve."

"Heart!" That was Mother's first word when she came into the apartment that evening, and though she was pale with exhaustion she put fierce indignation into it. "There's no room for a heart in that skinny chest. And if there had been, she had no sleeve to wear it on."

Neither confusion nor venom was characteristic of Mother. "What happened?" I asked.

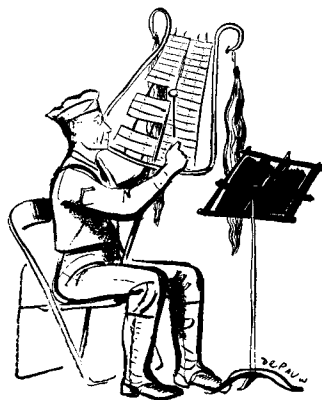
"She was lying in a deck chair when I got there," Mother began. "In the back garden, wearing a halter and shorts." She waited for my reaction.

"Sunshine is recommended for her condition," I said lamely.

Mother frowned and said, "When she was introduced, that girl simply smiled and asked, 'Doesn't Mike call you Aunt Harriet? I've heard him speak of you.' " Mother spread her hands as if to say, "Now, you see."

But I didn't. "So what happened?" I asked.

"Happened? Nothing *happened*. That's just the point. She was perfectly



calm and self-possessed. Just like *anyone*."

I began to see.

"I had hardly been there half an hour," Mother went on, "when she went in and brought out a tray of iced drinks. She passed them as if it were the most natural thing in the world. And there was nothing I could do but take one."

"I can see that," I said.

"And Hilda simply accepts it all."

"But what else can she do?" I asked.

"I mean, people don't toss erring kids out into the snowstorm these days."

"No, and the weather's wrong, too," Mother agreed absent-mindedly. But her fury returned. "No, they're actually rewarding them for their sins. Hilda's made over the third floor for them and the girl's father has given Michael an excellent position with his firm. Not only that"—Mother's voice sank to the whisper of one listing the final scandal—"the girl's dress allowance is being continued."

"She can hardly stop wearing clothes," I said. "Especially now—"

Mother's look placed me among the conspirators against her. She rose and asked that a light supper be sent to her room.

I knew her bitterness must come from a mortal wound. She had carried to Patricia a lifetime of sympathy with human folly and she had been left, one might say, holding the bag of pity.

The next morning, though, Mother appeared in time for my early breakfast, looking brightly apologetic. "I don't know why I allowed myself to become upset yesterday," she said. "I should have recognized Patricia's type at once. Then everything would have been quite clear."

She did not give me time to express a word of interest. "You see, that girl must have taken up intellectual activity in the hope that her brain would attract the romance she had failed to achieve by normal means. These efforts had failed, as they inevitably must. She saw her chances for marriage reduced even more by the war. She grew desperate and realized that she must act quickly, before all the boys were gone. She had to catch someone young enough to be both ineligible for the draft and susceptible to her influence. You see how unerringly she selected Michael, so kind and sweet and gullible. She certainly *has* a good brain."

Mother's tone of satisfaction shocked me. "But if that's the setup, what a tragedy for Mike!" I protested.

"Only temporarily," said Mother.

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Mrs. Hepplewhyte?



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But when we consider our relations with Russia in the postwar world, up comes the chorus of lugubrious voices . . . some obviously sincere, some echoing Berlin.

We are bidden to note the Bolshevik horns that sprout on the Russian forehead, the cloven hoof of Communism hiding in the Russian boot. "We'll have to fight Russia when this is over," goes the refrain.

Halos and horns! Hairbreadth Harry and Relentless Rudolph! What kind of pictures are these for Americans

to have of these millions of people who are fighting at our side!

The truth about so large a part of mankind must lie somewhere between these two melodramatic extremes. And that central truth, neither all black nor all white, but in many revealing shades of gray, is what LIFE has repeatedly sought, found and shown.

LIFE readers will recall the informal picture-story brought back from Grozny in the Caucasus by Engineer Alexander Willis . . . and the several vivid reports by Walter Graebner . . . and the remarkable photographs taken by Margaret Bourke-White of scenes never before open to foreign photo-reporters.

These and many other LIFE articles and pictures have done much to portray the resolute Russian people as they really are, *this week . . . today!*

It is vitally important that Americans should have



Leaders of the Russian Revolution tried hard to uproot religion among the Russian masses. But LIFE has shown well-attended services being held regularly in many old Moscow churches. Communists themselves admit that 30 million Russians still worship God, and other estimates run as high as 120 million.



Machinery of war produced by the Russians has stood up under fire to a degree that has upset the pre-1941 predictions of most of the experts. Nazi complaints have been loud too, about the Russians' tenacious guerrilla warfare and unorthodox tactics—such as machine guns set up in trees and operated by strings.

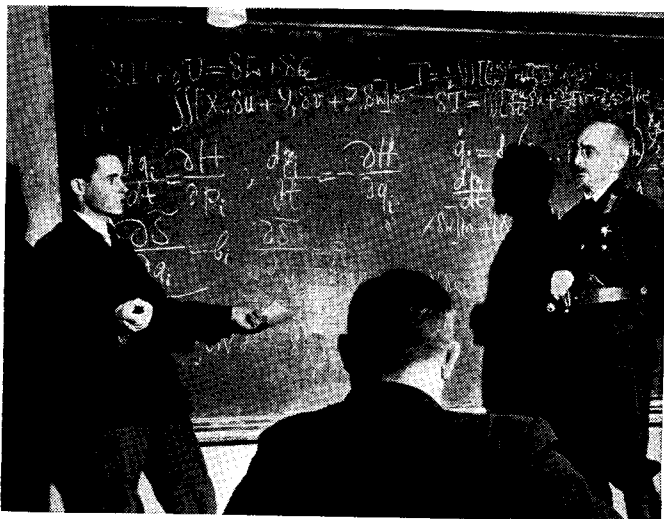


this honest understanding of unhaloed, unhorned Russia and should put aside any dislike for the past history of this nation whose present is linked so closely to ours. For Hitler is not unaware that the subject of Russia presents fertile ground for the seeds of distrust and suspicion.

And Hitler knows that nothing could help him more than to have distrust or misunderstanding about *any*

Allied nation permeate our thinking and thus interfere disastrously in our successful conduct of this global and necessarily *co-operative* war.

Each week LIFE gives a clear, calm understanding of the Russians—as well as of our other Allies—to more than 23 million civilian readers, and to 63% of the men in our armed forces.



Eagerly exploring the new world of learning, young people crowd Russian classrooms. Russia's dictatorship, though stultifying to free opinion, does not seem to have the blighting effect of the German tyranny on art and culture, as witness Shostakovich's newly composed, tremendous Seventh Symphony.

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"Such methods cannot win. She'll lose Michael, of course."

"But what about the baby?" I asked unhappily. "Divorce is not exactly the beginning you'd ask for a child."

"Such lives are shadowed, naturally," Mother said with philosophic calm.

I could not share her fortitude. Though I had been able, through long practice, to discount Mother's ideas on love and marriage as mere pages out of *Real Romances*, this latest analysis of Mike's marriage was somehow too convincing to be comfortable. I found I had lost all taste for my prize of fruity gossip. In the following weeks, during which Mother spent a large proportion of her days at Aunt Hilda's, I took care not to ask questions about the tragedy that had closed in on my gay and care-free Mike. I was glad that her reports were devoted chiefly to such items as the pickup blankets and quilted bassinet linings which she and Aunt Hilda were busily producing. The impending event was so absorbing that Mother's visit was prolonged far beyond its usual limits, and not a word was said of her going on to my brother's, even though it was long since his turn to entertain her.

PATRICIA's baby was born in October, and not until Mother had made a final trip to Westchester to satisfy herself that the infant had inherited his paternal grandfather's ears did she pack her trunk.

"Patricia makes an utterly beautiful young mother," she told me on her return from the tour of inspection, and she gave me a smile that was definitely smug. "And Michael is the most deliriously proud father. You see?" She waved a shining pink finger tip at me. "It all came out exactly as I said it would." I have never seen her more serene.

"I've had a wonderful visit," she said as she kissed me goodbye the next day.

—HOPE HALE

P is for a puncture by a bullet or a bull;
A is for abrasion where the dirt grinds in;

I is for an incise where the gash is sharp and full;

L is laceration, rough and jagged through the skin;

And the whole spells *pail*
Where you catch the dripping gore
If you haven't any bandage
Any more.

—From "First Aid Memory Gems" in the Boston Teachers News Letter.

A gay little war, if ever there was one.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GUINEA PIGS AND THE MONA LISA

LORD BROUGHAM was a Victorian statesman who invented a small closed carriage and the French Riviera. In 1838 he built the first fashionable villa in the poor Mediterranean fishing village of Cannes. One hundred and three years later, in an hour of local mob fury over Dunkerque and the fall of France, his statue was pulled down from its pedestal in Cannes' elegant, leafy Allées de la Liberté. Today, two years after the German occupation of Paris, few residents of Cannes would have the strength. People living on the Riviera have less to eat than anybody else in France; at best, about the only regular crops the Riviera ever raised were tourists and attar of roses.

Before winter comes, Cannes will be eating the last of the cab horses that used to trot smart Americans down the promenade. French alfalfa, once turned into French hay, this summer was turned into German ersatz gasoline. French horses are now fed on the little that remains after the process, in the form of small, fibrous bricks. For the first five days even a cab horse will not eat his brick; on the sixth day he nibbles; on the seventh he starts to swell. The Moyenne-Corniche, the picturesque, precipitous road from Nice to Monte Carlo, is being widened to boulevard size by the Vichy government; during the past summer the French workmen, cracking the rocky cliffs in the sun, often fainted as a result of their steady diet of Jerusalem artichokes, which, nobody knows why (except, perhaps, because the peasants last winter ate the dried peas and beans they had hoped to save for spring planting), constituted the region's main garden yield this year. The shortage of lettuce and greenstuffs has even affected the reputation of the rabbit. The underfed Riviera rabbits fail to multiply; an indisputably pregnant rabbit sells for the equivalent of around twelve dollars. Guinea pigs, being less dainty in their diet, are competently taking over the rabbits' functions in hatch and kitchen.

From a former Maryland gourmet, recently returned forty pounds lighter from

what used to be the international artist colony at St. Paul, in the hills behind Cannes, comes this tested recipe:

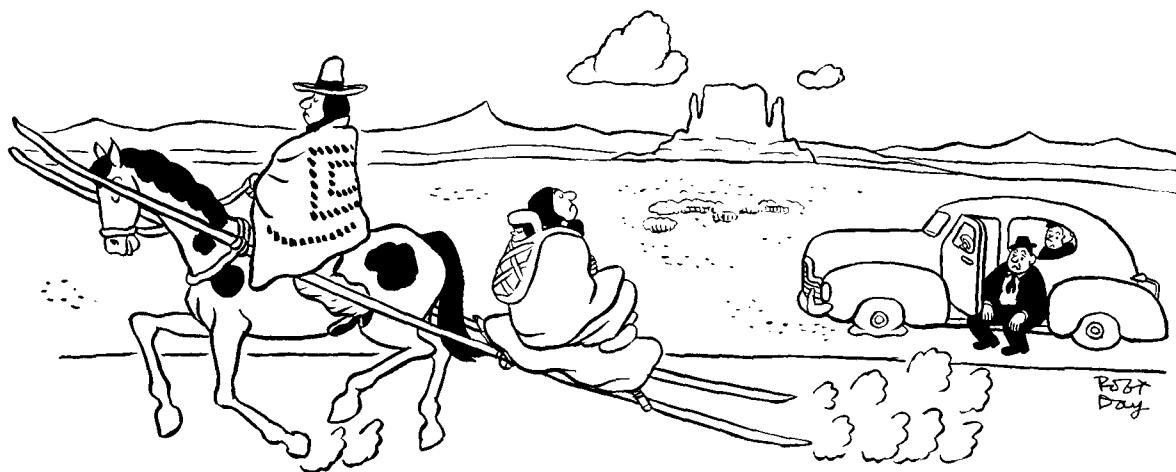
Cochons d'Inde aux Marrons—Take two young guinea pigs, preferably not pets. Cut their throats. Dip in boiling water; this loosens the fur, which can then be plucked off like chicken feathers. Split stomachs and draw. Make a stuffing of old bread, if you have any. Flavor with what you find left in your herb garden—especially thyme, a pinch of sage, and an onion, if you are lucky. Truss each guinea pig with string, if you can borrow any, to keep juices and stuffing in. Roast in hot oven for twenty to thirty minutes until skin is brown and crackly, like that of roast suckling pig. The taste of guinea-pig meat, though flatter in savor, should resemble that of tender young pork. Serve the guinea pigs garnished with mashed chestnuts, if possible. This recipe serves two people. In making guinea pig *pâté* to eat cold, follow the same recipe as for rabbit *pâté*, remembering, however, that guinea-pig meat, thank God, is excessively fat.

Along with efforts to get enough to eat, there is still, of course, a certain amount of more worldly activity along the Riviera. Collaborationists enjoyed a pallid summer season, with Paris-made beach pajamas, and the gambling casinos at Nice and Cannes have been doing their biggest business since the boom days after the other war. The frantic French gamblers are mostly a raggle-taggle type never seen at the tables before. There is no evening dress, no champagne or brandy, no bright lights or jollity. It is an unsociable crew in three-year-old clothes, dry of palate, and playing for terrific stakes behind curtains drawn against the seaside blackout.

Monte Carlo falls into a special class. It is being run as a "playground" for the

war-weary Germans, for whose sentimental relaxation the municipal gardens are maintained in fine ante-bellum flower. However, since the current Russian campaign began, few Germans, in uniform or out, have been visible among the posies and nearly none at the Casino boards. Gambling, though, never was much of a Teutonic tourist pastime. The Greek syndicate which for years operated the Casino tables functioned up to last fall. Having left, on Nazi request, it is now operating the Monte Carlo bank by remote control from Switzerland. Monte's elegant Sporting Club is not open, but in what is called the Kitchen, run (as always) for the *polloi*, the stakes are stupendous. Whereas in the old days the mere rumor of a million-franc baccarat pile used to set the crowds outside milling and buzzing, such stakes are now a commonplace. The gamblers are, as usual, an international crowd, but with unfamiliar, unfashionable faces—Rumanians, Hungarians, Swiss, Italian cavalry captains, and occasional Quislings let out for a run. Among the million-franc *nouveaux messieurs* are still sprinkled those antique, homeless, five-franc-betting females, for the second time left over from before a war. In general the remnant English have been evacuated from the departments bordering on Italy, but a few elderly English *pension* dwellers of long standing have been allowed to remain in Monte Carlo, though not to show themselves. It is said that they have given their British word of honor not to discuss the war even in private, or to meet as many as four strong even for tea.

A Russian ballet company contrib-



uted some Riviera gaiety last spring, not so much by its season at Cannes as by the arrest by the local police of its male members, along with seven hundred other male Slavs in the region, all of whom were herded into a field outside Antibes as a Vichy political gesture against Moscow. The townspeople rallied with blankets, bits of food, trickles of wine, and steady applause. For four nights the Russians gave the show of their lives, outdoors. Orthodox priests led a church choir in singing, the musicians gave encores, the dancers danced on the bare ground till they fell down. All were released before ennui had a chance to set in; the Russian dancers said they had never known "such a wonderful artistic atmosphere."

Lyons also had a musical treat not long ago. Vichy Press Order No. 330 commanded Unoccupied newspapers to feature the concert of the visiting Berlin Philharmonic. Press Order No. 331 hastily added, "Do not publish the dispatches relative to a theft at Lyons committed by the visiting Berlin Philharmonic."

THERE are no gaudy tabloid features in what is tragically happening on the Riviera. It is a large, uniform panel of deterioration, in which no one is starving, everyone is hungry, and food is an obsession. The French declare they can keep going like this for the rest of the century, but they already lack emotional, mental, and physical energy. Thousands of rickety, underfed children will soon be bowlegged. Twenty-five per cent of them are estimated to be on their way to tuberculosis. Three-pound babies are not uncommon. Only one baby out of five is normal weight at birth. Few, however, are born alive, and miscarriages are usual. In Auribeau, a hamlet perched on the slopes behind Cannes with four hundred and eighty-five inhabitants, only one live baby was born in the last year. Of thirty victims of diphtheria in the same district, sixteen died; whatever you catch can kill you. At *goûter* time in the afternoon, when children used to be given bread and a piece of chocolate, they are now urged by their mothers to play hard in order to forget. They fall down a lot. There is nothing in the family medicine chest for critical illness, let alone bumps and bruises. In a children's camp on the Riviera last summer there were three

cases of gangrene from scratched knees. There were also, on the happier side, counterfeit meat cards. Three times in three consecutive weeks the *gosses* had meat, and they received an extra slice of stale bread daily. Twice they had *crème chocolat* for dessert. The children screamed hysterically when it came on the table.

Riviera chambers of commerce always bragged, "We sell tourism. Everything else we import." In the Alpes-Maritimes, which once lived for its perfume industry, jasmine and the homely little pink attar rose are still being raised by the peasants and are now exported as essence to South America. Even in today's France money looks like money, and, anyway, how can a man raise potatoes to eat next year unless he has last year's potato eyes to plant, horses for manure, spray for potato bugs, and enough left of his year-before-last plow or hoe to work with?

On top of the monotony of gray, ersatz-flour noodles as the staff of life, there is no seasoning but sea salt. If you have six peppercorns left in your pantry to trade, you have the makings of a big deal. Fastidiousness is a past folly; since there are no chemicals to make sprays and since caterpillars therefore flourish, if half of your peas are wormy, you eat the good halves, boiled, for lunch and the wormy halves, pared, in soup for supper. Most of the cats, even the favorites, have been eaten. If you still have a pet dog, a butcher in Marseilles will sell you pet food made of other pets. It looks and smells like tanbark. One standby for human feeding is *pâté soja*, a dried-vegetable ersatz meat which has the texture of a salve. Hungry children cry when they see it coming, because they know they will eat it. Bread is the most dangerous of the necessities, since it is made of such astonishing substitutes as ground olive seeds; the bread makes you bloat. Constipation, stomach ulcers, intestinal hemorrhages, and, among the young, bone disease are the commonest results of the French Riviera diet.

Partly because of transportation difficulties, full food rations exist only on the card, never in the shops. In Pau last summer *fine pré-salé* mutton rotted in storage for lack of freight cars, busy carrying the machinery of war to Germany. In Le Cannet, toward the middle of September, when cheese cards had already been used up, a belated cake

of Brie appeared at the *crémérie*. Each morning housewives eyed it, finally weeping with fury as the maggots lifted their heads. French women are not permitted to buy cigarettes except to send to prisoners in Germany. Everybody smokes everybody else's stubs, if he is lucky enough to be given some. Being fussy, the few remaining local American ladies clean and sweeten the tobacco with alcohol, then roll their own on the pocket cigarette-rolling machines that are about the only gadgets left in France. In general, the French lack of mechanical ingenuity adds to the burden of the broken-down life. Buses still operate on the clumsy *gasogène* system, which was improvised three years ago and gives them only enough power to inch up the Riviera hills, when they don't slide backward and fall off. Anyway, the buses are so crowded that, once in, you probably can't get out at your stop.

IN the south of France today it is possible to keep going only if you have the money to patronize the black market—a thousand francs a week, say, for dried vegetables twice a day and a piece of meat the size of your palm on Sundays. The latest impolite description of the Vichy régime is "White terror, black market, rosy library," the last a crack at the childishly optimistic Vichy mentality, the *Bibliothèque Rose* being a standard series of children's books. In Marseilles, where prostitution has slumped along with other local industries, the *marlous*, or procurers, are turning a substitute penny by making and peddling counterfeit bread cards. Yet even a thousand francs on the black market or a hundred pimps on the Canebière couldn't get a chicken for you. There is no chicken.

According to reports, French adolescents are the group most in need of being saved. The French race is drying up without flowering or seeding. French children are now regarded, dietetically, as children through the age of eleven, and as such are entitled to milk, when there is any. At twelve they rank as adults at table, eligible for anemia. As a result, French girls fail to become nubile. Under the German *Kirche, Küche, Kinder* influence, French grade-school girls for the first time are being taught domestic science, now that there's not enough food for recipes and often no home left to be scientific about. For boys, calisthenics and sports, which French educators in the old days too logically thought were not education's business, are also coming late, since French youth is too apathetic—apathy is the first pre-clinical sign of malnutrition—for foot-



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ball, or even for lusty street-singing with their teachers. Twice a week the scholars are taken on hikes by a teacher, who is encouraged to lead them in piping the new Vichy song, "Maréchal, Nous Voilà!" There they are indeed, as many of their parents lament, and there, too, is French history. Vichy has given its era the official title of the *Révolution Nationale*, and in schools it is supposed to be played up that way by history teachers, who are also expected to teach the French Revolution of 1789 as if it had hardly happened.

In classrooms—and even in adult life, a fact which irks parents more—three disparate, *démodé* historical idols have been reanimated by the New Order for public adulation: Louis XIV, who for two centuries has been the florid, undemocratic sun aureole; Napoleon Bonaparte, who, though exciting as the great French success story (up to the Moscow point) and as a style of parlor furniture, had been suspect because of his militarism and blamed for having a nephew, Napoleon III, who let the Germans in at the first tragic Sedan; and Jeanne d'Arc, who, as a mystic warrior, was more beloved before she was belatedly canonized in 1919 and made into a park statue. To millions of French, the most appealing element about her today is her Lorraine cross, used by General de Gaulle as the Fighting French emblem.

It is impossible to get an accurate cross section of French opinion on de Gaulle. He produces less effect on the working class than Stalin does. His propaganda over the B.B.C. fails to reach the peasant class, thriftily unequipped with a radio. Only a minute fraction of the upper and lower middle classes inside France, his largest following, seem to have any personal affection for him, and the rest of them regard the movement as the great thing, less because of what the few thousand French fighting at large can actually accomplish than because he is a symbol of resistance to the millions of French held captive at home.

In this year's French Communist brochure, now clandestinely circulating, de Gaulle and his Fighting French are O.K.'d by the Party for the first time. Anticipated by *Libération*, which was the first of the politically amorphous underground gazettes to back him and to beg the trade unions to follow suit, the *Franc Tireur*, a new Republican paper, has just bluntly accepted him "because he exists and is a patriot," cautiously adding, "We don't want to replace the idolatry of one man [Pétain] with the idolatry of another [de Gaulle]." Ger-



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man propaganda humorlessly warns the Fighting French that the General will turn out to be a perfect dictator; his collaborationist French enemies declare he's a second Napoleon III, with grandiose notions. French liberals, who wonder whether he will represent France at the United Nations peace table, deplore his being a Rightist by temperament and training. In London, heart of the Fighting French movement, Harold Nicolson has just thoughtfully written in the *Spectator*:

Had de Gaulle sought always to be convenient he would have ended by being ignored. . . . We see today that the apparent arrogance of his person embodies . . . the wounded pride of France; and in his faithful ruminative eye is reflected the eternal patience of her wisdom.

The average French citizen would have felt better about the United Nations' occupation of Madagascar if the General and the Americans had done it instead of the British. The one German-inspired anti-British propaganda barb that never fails to stick in the ordinary French mind is the whisper "Once the English flag is planted on any territory, it remains part of the British Empire." On second thought, however, most of the French note that the German flag is the one which is trying to make personal property of the whole world.

PROBABLY the most famous Parisian personality in southern France today is Mona Lisa. She is in the town of Montauban, in the little municipal museum, crowded in among several thousand other choice masterpieces from the Louvre. The "Venus de Milo," on the other hand, is guarded by German soldiers about a hundred miles southwest of Paris in the Occupied Zone, in the Château de Chambord, which is now principally populated by the Louvre's sculptural treasures. The refugee trek of Louvre art was less publicized than that of French citizens, and better rehearsed. In the last four years the Louvre has moved its most valuable things four times. The first time, which was Munich, the contents were merely whisked downstairs into the basement. The curators had planned so well that it took twenty minutes flat to pop the museum's absolutely first-class movable treasures into the *sous-sol*, which was built as wine cellars for Francis I, Henri II, and Catherine de' Medici, and has bomb-proof, sixteenth-century, nine-foot-thick walls. Among these treasures were "Mona Lisa," Fouquet's "Charles VII," Manet's "Olympia" and "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," Ingres' "Odalisque Cou-

chée" and "Le Bain Turc," Uccello's "La Bataille," Dürer's "Portrait de l'Artiste," Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre," and Delacroix's "La Mort de Sardanapale." "Venus" was too heavy for the twenty-minute job. Second-class treasures included Ingres' "Odalisque Assise Vue de Dos" and two dozen Corots. Among the third-class treasures were six dozen Corots. It took ten days to wrap up all three classes in the basement, but the moment Chamberlain sounded his peace-with-honor all-clear, the French government ordered the Louvre to get things unwrapped again within seven days. A closed Louvre was bad for public morale; a rapidly reopened Louvre looked like government efficiency, peace, and even a diplomatic triumph for Daladier. Being economical, and maybe cynical, the Louvre saved all its Munich wrappings for the next *alerte*. The wrappings were expertly devised, complicated, and fire- and water-proof. Cloth was first wound around the paintings, to prevent scratching; next excelsior, as a cushion against shock; then asbestos, against fire; then tar paper, against water. Each precious package was finally berthed in wooden cases on wooden pegs, the purpose of the pegs being to prevent vibration, worse than a bullet hole for a painting.

By the time the second and real *alerte* came, in September, 1939, the Louvre had already been moving its masterpieces fast and far away for two weeks. Lesser works were left in the museum, where they remain today. The goals toward which the treasures were headed were carefully selected, dry, privately owned châteaux around Tours and Le Mans. Having learned, from the evacuation during the war of 1870, that big paintings chip when rolled up, and, from the war of 1914, that the Germans move fast, the Louvre called on the Samaritaine department store for forty-three of its swiftest packers, including two who were expert scaffolders. French scaffolds are still made medievally, of ropes and poles, without nails, are calculated by the eye rather than figured out on paper, and work fine. For one whole morning the scaffolders, in their blue denims and sabots, sat in the Salon Carré eying Veronese's "Les Noces de Cana"—thirty-two feet long, twenty-two feet high, and weighing two and a half tons (with original frame)—and silently cogitated and smoked. The curators had proclaimed that the men must not smoke and they had proclaimed that if they didn't smoke they couldn't cogitate. Thirty workmen got the Veronese off the wall, without roll-

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ing, by making the most of a scaffold, a rope trick, some pulleys, and the picture's own weight (including two hundred pounds of dust accumulated since Renaissance times). It took forty-two Samaritaine packers, plus one who walked backward and semaphored signals for the shoulder-balancing act of the *copains*, to carry Géricault's gigantic "Le Radeau de la Méduse" upright through the Louvre's customary painting-evacuation door, the Napoleon III portal, which is the highest. The Napoleon I portal, the broadest, is used for sculpture. Though airplanes, because they don't joggle, are the ideal vehicles for transporting pictures, the Louvre was glad to settle for a Comédie-Française scenery truck, the only camion big enough. The itinerary to Chambord, the destination of the picture, had been laid out to provide detours around low bridges and sharp corners, but nobody had thought of telephone wires. Medusa bogged down in the suburbs of Paris between two telephone poles. A hurry call was put in to the *Ministre des Postes, Télégraphes, et Téléphones*. After considerable irritation and discussion, he sent a squad of emergency workmen, who sped on ahead of the truck, clipping wires, then backtracked to restraining them and soothe irate telephone subscribers.

The "Venus de Milo" and the "Vic-toire de Samothrace" were moved from their pedestals by means of levers and pulleys. They were then wrapped, boxed, and, lying on their sides, slid out along the corridors and down some specially built ramps. Field Marshal Göring is such an admirer of "Venus" that he paid her a visit at Chambord, combining the call on her with some deer-shooting in the château's park. The R.A.F. tried to combine it with some Göring-shooting, and bombed at him but missed.

The third frantic Louvre trek came in May, 1940. The Germans were swarming down from the north. Most museum men were in the Army. In the confusion, even Napoleon's famous cocked hat, in flight from the Invalides, was picked up by the Germans in its hatbox on the Etampes road. Aided by the Louvre wives, the Louvre female staff did a heroic, hustling job, rushing over the countryside in trains and trucks to collect the museum's canvas treasures from the dozens of scattered châteaux which had been chosen as refuges eight months before. The ladies couldn't manage the sculpture—too heavy. With what they had collected, they headed toward a savage, mountainous region in the Unoccupied Department of Aveyron

and its damp, ancient little abbatial Château du Loc-Dieu, originally known as Locus Dei, or Place of God. There, in the bedroom of a demobilized curator, "Mona Lisa" came to temporary rest. As he nervously moaned, "Since I've been sleeping with 'Mona Lisa,' I haven't closed an eye."

The fourth move came in September, 1940. Three of the curators, reassembled in the Loc-Dieu, begged gasoline from what was left of the French Army, insisting that art was collateral and that the Louvre treasures were a national fortune, mildewing in the mountain mist. The collection was then sent on its way to its present home in Montauban. The museum is closed to the public. Inside, the Louvre's curators are doing more cleaning and polishing than the Louvre has had time for in the last hundred years.

BECAUSE of its brave Archbishop, Mgr. Théas, Montauban has also become a noted centre for Unoccupied France's rising resistance to anti-Semitism. In a recent pastoral letter, the Archbishop fulminated, "Today's anti-Semitic measures are a flagrant violation of the rights of the family and the individual. All men are brothers, regardless of race or religion." During the past twelve months the Catholic Church in France has finally entered into its third, most practical, and most popular postwar stage. After France's fall, in the period of contrition and confusion, an instinctive, though brief, religious revival sent the people toward the altars. By September of 1940, Vichy had officially and officiously linked itself with the Church, which was doubtless agreeably impressed after the anti-clerical Radical-Socialist brush-off regimes. Archbishop Suhard of Paris came out as a pulpit collaborationist; some Pétain prelates followed. To hot-tempered southern Catholics, saints began to look like Vichy icons and a return to God part of a paradoxical one-way trip to Berlin. Then, this year, certain humble village curés

began the Christian task of aiding the persecuted Jews. They falsified birth certificates for them, thus Christianizing them, at least on paper, for a passport's sake. They hid them in monasteries, disguised them as monks, and helped them over the border. One curé, with his cassock hastily stuffed full of false papers for fleeing Jews, was stopped somewhere by Nazi soldiers, who did not search him, apparently on the supposition that all French priests are sinfully fat. In the Vaucluse Department, a magistrate, trying two priests for hiding Jews wanted for the concentration camp, opened court by crying, "*Messieurs*, I profoundly salute those who have accomplished so commendable a deed," and then went on to sentence them as lightly as the law allows. Indeed, what can only be called a miraculous new coöperation between Judaism and Christianity has sprung up in France, amid the despair that the pagan Nazis have brought. According to the intellectual young French, who still have to lean on logic to get going, "the Old and New Testaments are now found to be two halves of the same faith."

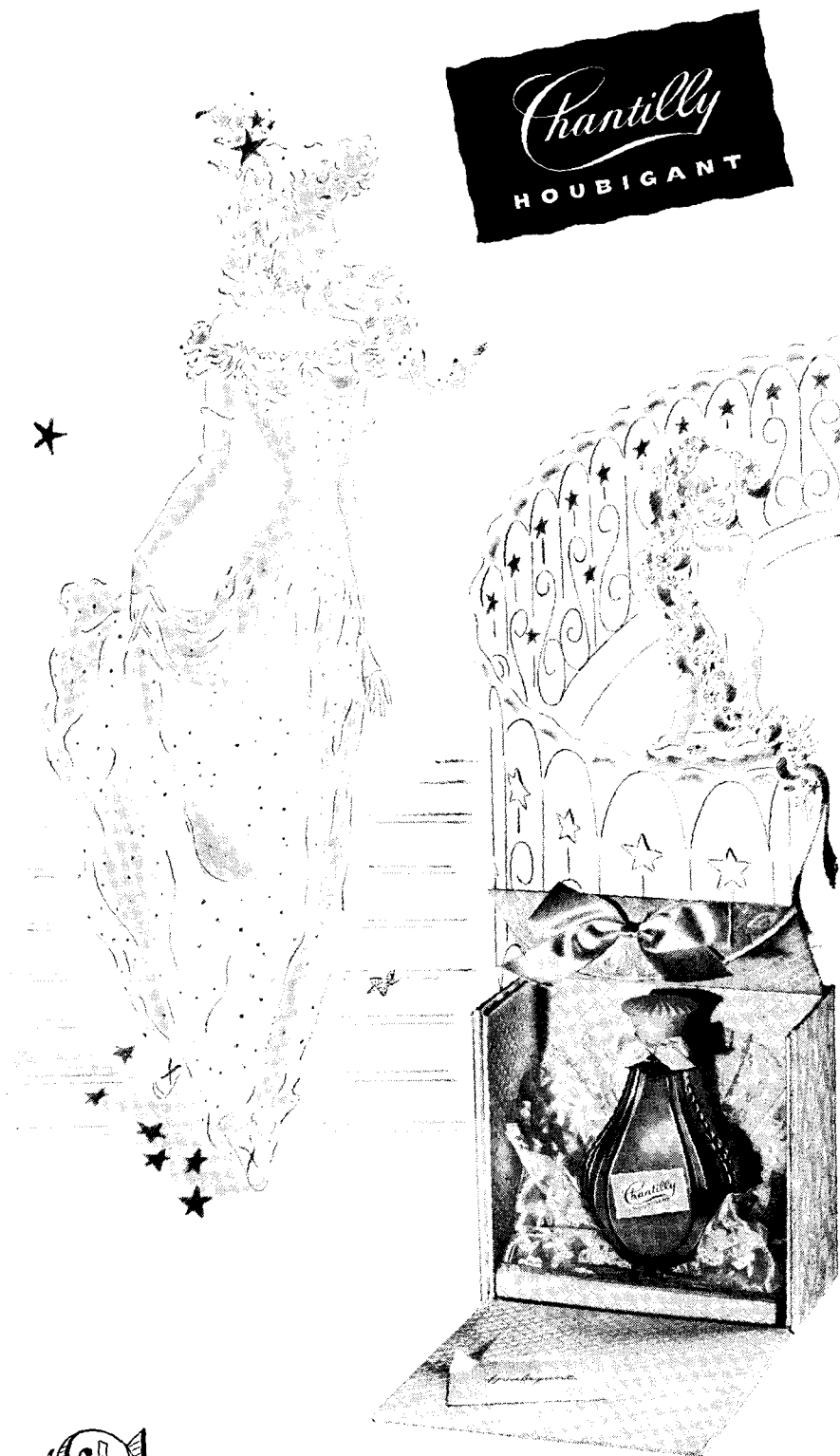
What is no less a miracle, considering the wars of religion that once bloodied France, is that the militant Protestants and Catholics have united. In the recent final number of the Reformed Protestant Church's official organ, *La Feuille*, is announced its amalgamation with the powerful *Cahiers du Témoignage Catholique*, now to be significantly called *Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien*. After opening sympathetically with St. Paul's Corinthian verse, "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," *La Feuille* goes on to take one last, mighty, Lutheran whack at the Catholic Church's "prudent complaisance with the new public authorities, no matter how unfaithful; enthusiastic adherence to Vichy's *Révolution Nationale* for profane reasons; desire to appease the wrath of the conqueror; fear of Bolshevism; and appetite for revenge after the long anti-clerical era—facts which cannot be contested or minimized." *La Feuille* then charitably declaims, "Nevertheless, in Unoccupied France, despite the abominable equivocation which prevents the Catholic citizen from knowing whether he is obeying France or General von Stülpnagel, most of the Catholic bishops have resisted ferociously. So here is the essential fact: the militant Catholics in our countryside have taken a preponderant place at the head of the resistance movement. The Catholic Church and



the Reformed Protestants now fight side by side to ward off the menace of today from our unique French youth." In an extra gesture of brotherly good will, *La Feuille* even puts in an editorial boost for the Pope's Radio-Vatican broadcasts, commending them as "an appeal to spiritual resistance, every night except Sundays, at 7 P.M., on the 49.96-metre band."

WHILE the politics of the world outside are inexorably changing, much of Unoccupied France lies in a state of political coma. Neither the historical past nor future holds the attention of the hungry French. They are concentrating only on the physical present: where will they get enough to eat to live through it and when will it end? Whenever it ends, many of them declare, the new France will be governed only by those who stayed home and saw things through, not by those who fled to London or New York or even to fight with de Gaulle. The only flight condoned is that of workingmen, today in hiding all over France to avoid being shipped to Germany. Bad times have strengthened the *esprit*, the patriotism, and the essential Frenchness of *le peuple*, always the solid class in France. The shopkeeping little bourgeoisie mostly coöperates with Vichy. The rich big bourgeoisie mostly collaborates with the Germans. Hitler is supposed to have said, "I will buy one half of France. It will sell me the other half." Certainly, *le peuple* feels it is being sold. When the Germans eventually depart, French heads may roll. No class wants a civil war, but everyone seems to expect that such will be the final act of the second World War. Some thoughtful French even fear that the French Revolution will yet turn out to be another of those wars that have to be fought all over again, with the big industrialists as the modern grand dukes.

All of value that many of the bravest of the French now possess is their hopes and their radios, with which they can listen to the voice of the democracies, which often seem as far away as the moon. "I have sacrificed two months' living," a middle-aged French professor has just boldly written to N.B.C. in a letter smuggled out through the underground, "to buy a radio strong enough to listen to your ten-o'clock night news. In the morning I make a sort of communiqué of it, which I distribute among my friends and which is the only daily truth they know. A man must be deprived of his liberty, he must know each day the humiliation of terror



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and hunger, to comprehend the price the French put on the dignified words, the tranquil hope, and the strength which come to them from friendly America. America, that great country, should not be too severe with the tendency toward Franco-German collaboration which certain French show. You have to be as obstinate as I am not to give in to poverty but to choose it, like today's ransom for tomorrow's freedom. I wager that no American soldier can claim he has seen everything until he has witnessed the welcome which France will give him when he debarks on her soil. I have at my disposal no other means of proving to you my sincerity except to sign my letter with my real name. In doing so, in principle I risk death and in reality a prison, which I regard as less preferable. Please accept, *Messieurs les Américains*, my respectful homage." The letter was signed with a flourish.

—JANET FLANNER

HALLOWEEN SONG

Three witches flew over the chimney pots.

I saw them in flight, the three in a line,
Over the town and the vacant lots
Till they vanished high in the groves of pine;

And one was yours—and one was yours—
And one, I grant, was mine.

We knew them all when we were young.

Three queens they seemed in their silken poise;

We did not notice the forked tongue,
The murdering word, the hissing noise;
And you loved one—and you loved one—

And I, when we were boys.

It may be cruel, but I'm laughing so
I hardly can make my point in rhyme:
Three witches flew into the afterglow,
As black as the memory of a crime;
And one is yours—and one is yours—
But I, I ducked in time!

—ROBERT HILLYER

Cleopatra used perfume on Anthony and Caesar and her success with the two males is old stuff in storytelling. The odor that wrecked such havoc in the Mediterranean is not far from "Shalimar" of today—From Alma Archer's column in the Mirror.

In case you girls want to wreck a little havoc.

NOTES ON SPORTS

In Praise of Old Nassau

MANY of last Saturday's customers at Palmer Stadium, Princeton, who were seeing the home team at work for the first time this season, must have felt that they had been duped by the professional appraisers who had been describing the Tiger as a game but constant underdog. One authority had said on the radio earlier in the week that, in facing Brown, Princeton would be undertaking its third straight miracle, having already defied most of the natural laws by beating Navy and tying Pennsylvania. Well, Princeton went ahead and beat Brown on Saturday, thereby establishing itself as a shoo-in for most successful underdog of the year. Only an underdog that had lost no games at all could be said to have a better record. Princeton should certainly cop the Big Three championship by beating Harvard this week and Yale week after next. If so, it will seem that Big Three competition is rather softer than Little Three, since Princeton's one claim to underdogery is based on an ill-advised venture against Williams, in which it lost, 19-7.

The fact probably is that the team has been improving all along. Judging by its performance against the Browns on Saturday, there is enough natural talent in the lineup to warrant a higher estimate than the boys have been getting, and perhaps the trouble was that this talent was too busy learning plays at first to come out and parade itself. The blueprints were apparently clear in everybody's mind in time for the Brown game, however, including a diabolical double reverse that was good for a touchdown, and a delayed pass in which the back on the receiving end was so completely and mysteriously in the clear that it worked twice for long gains. Not only was Brown befuddled by that baby but one of the spectators is willing to admit here and now that he would like to see it executed three or four more times, and slowly, before he would endeavor to teach it to his study group.

With everything going nice and smooth, it was revealed that Princeton has an extremely efficient line offensively and even more so defensively, since Margarita, the Brown back who before the game was the leading ground-gainer in the country, seldom got a glimpse of the scenery beyond the line

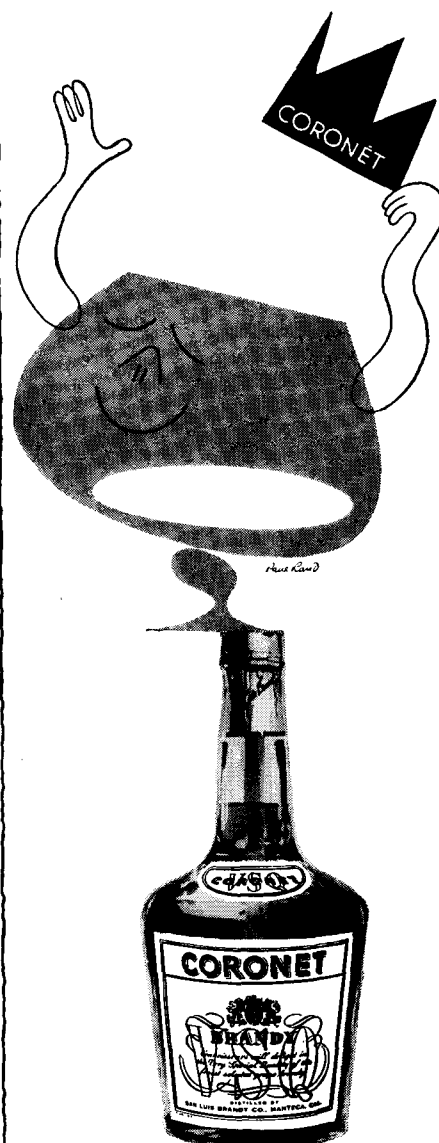
of scrimmage. Brown, furthermore, although previously an aggressive bunch of toughies, lost four points on safeties. Perina, Princeton's passer, turned out to have an eye like a hawk and a throwing arm infinitely better than a hawk's, and Sandbach proved himself to be a place-kicking fool. The tipoff on the versatility of the Princeton backfield, though, came when Franke (pronounced like Johnny's friend and assassin) ran back a kickoff forty-eight yards in the last period by means of some fairly fancy broken-field work. He is ordinarily the team's plunging back, which means he is a man of solider proportions than generally go with twinkly toes and snake hips.

Franke, incidentally, is a freshman—one of several who came in handy last Saturday under the new eligibility rule, which permits the younger set to play on the varsity. Two freshmen scored as many touchdowns for Yale in its victory over Dartmouth, and one plebe scored one for Army, which beat Harvard.

THE professional game on Sunday in which the Brooklyn Dodgers won from the New York Giants, 17-7, was filled with injured players who were only playing because other players were laid up with more serious injuries. The draft and the occupational hazards of the sport, combined, have forced both teams to operate with skeleton crews. One man who was in action in spite of infirmities was Brooklyn's Bruiser Kinard, whose ankles were wobbly and who got himself kicked around some more in the game, becoming, on the whole, more bruised against than bruising.

BOXING THOUGHT: The fights that Mike Jacobs is staging these days tend to demonstrate that a pretty good somewhat smaller man can lick a not so good slightly bigger man. Ray Robinson, once a lightweight and now a welterweight, has been knocking over a number of his dimensional superiors and will probably do the same to Vic Delicurti, a middleweight, on November 6th. Tami Mauriello, a light heavyweight by nature, has won consistently from heavyweights and should go right on with this career against Lee Savold this Friday.

—D. L.



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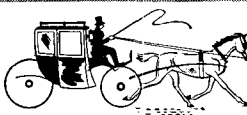
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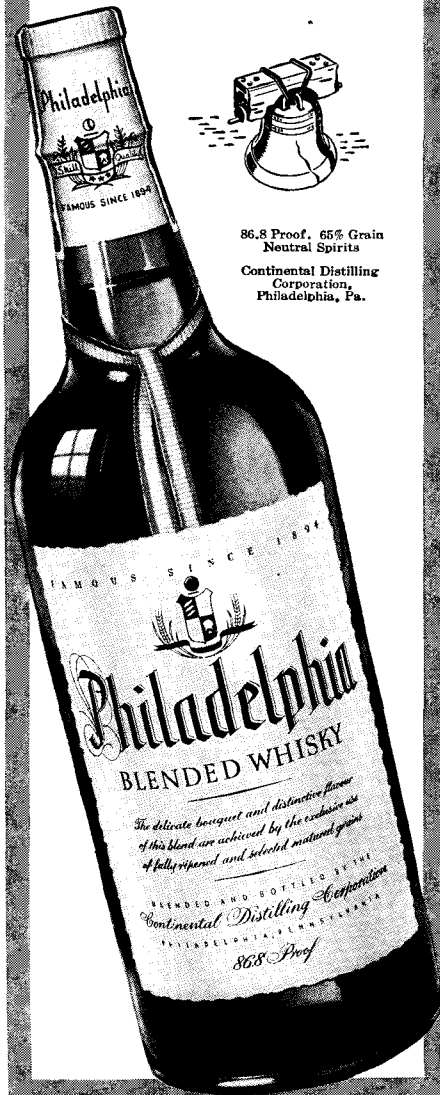
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Manna in Capsules



THE bills in most of the film palaces these days are supplemented by short subjects pertaining in some way to the war, and in many cases these features are as refreshing, after a plotty main attraction, as a Mouse or a Duck used to be. Right now, when there is as small a supply of war information in the house as there is of any other staple, so much as a thimbleful of the stuff can't help but be welcome. You even get to be grateful if, when you go to the movies, the government throws some propaganda your way.

The leaders in the production of informative war shorts seem to be the Office of War Information, suitably enough, and the National Film Board of Canada. The OWI has launched a series which is mainly concerned with the home front. The titles of some of the films it has already put together are "Salvage," "Manpower," "Japanese Relocation," "Colleges at War," and "Night Shift." If you haven't already seen "Salvage," which has a commentary by Donald Nelson, you can probably guess its message. It is perhaps somewhat more hortatory and less informative than the others, particularly "Japanese Relocation," which shows what has become of those Japs who were moved out of certain zones on the West Coast and how the transplanting was achieved. The best of the bunch may well be "Night Shift," which was made by the British Ministry of Information and edited by the OWI. It's about a sample group of women munitions workers in England who seem to have become adjusted to a day which runs from P.M. to A.M. The girls who have been picked to speak lines here and there come out better than the American factory foremen, government employees, and so forth, who appear to be ready to dodge at the first false move the camera may make.

The Canadian Film Board is the producer of the "World in Action" pictures, several of which have been around for some time. Its latest releases are called "The Mask of Nippon" and "Hitler's Plan." The former is remarkable for the bits of Japanese film that the Canadians have ferreted out of dark



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hiding places and tossed in at the beginning. They show the Japanese at work on Chinese prisoners of different ages and sexes and should arouse a commendable urge in one and all to trample on the little people at the earliest opportunity. The second takes up the German concept of geopolitics and seems to subscribe to the theory that Germany's answer to seapower is to ignore it and take over all accessible dry land by simply marching onto it.

ANOTHER picture which the British have made, although full-length and non-documentary, has been toyed with not only by their own government but also by that of the Netherlands, in exile. It's called "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing" and is one more of those rip-snorters in which a plane is grounded in enemy territory and the crew runs an obstacle race back home to safety. The British government has lent authenticity to the dope on the R.A.F., and the Dutch were called in because the crew works its way back home through Holland. As a matter of fact, the film is unique in that the Germans in it all speak German, instead of Katzenjammer Kids English, and the Dutch speak Dutch. It's more reasonable, generally, than others of the breed.

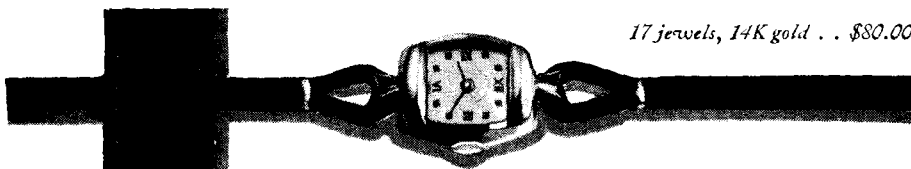
MINOR notes on major productions: "My Sister Eileen" and "George Washington Slept Here" are named for the recent Broadway successes they were adapted from. The dialogues of both have been conservatively carried over, for the most part, so you can now catch the originals at your neighborhood house in one less dimension. The actors, including Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair in "Sister," and Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in "George," are a suspicion below their lower-paid counterparts. . . . "The Moon and Sixpence," with George Sanders, is a good enough dramatization of Maugham's novel about the Gauguinish artist who preferred a Tahitian girl to any of the white ones he knew. . . . "Flying Tigers" is about the American Volunteer Group in China. It's all right when the boys are in the air and not saying anything, but gets to be heavy going when they come down and indulge in conversation.

—DAVID LARDNER

She washed her hair before she went to bed, because her nails were a mess from weeding.—*From a story in Redbook.*

A fey girl, after our own heart.

17 jewels, 14K gold . . . \$80.00



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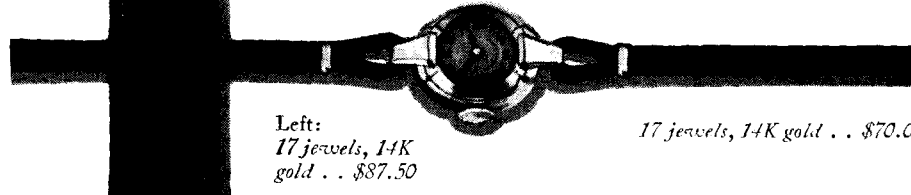
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For the time being, we must part . . . you go on ahead . . . as a symbol of Waco's strength, character and performance you're "tops." We know you will continue to uphold the famous Waco tradition. You are the last of your particular breed, for a while, but any time you or your boss are in trouble, let us know. We'll still have time to doctor your bruised legs and bandage your cuts and wounds. You are back of the lines but you still have one of the toughest scraps to finish.

You'll be proud of the new family we are rearing here at Waco. Strangers to you because

you have never seen them. But they've heard of you and don't think for a minute they aren't proud of you. You'll be proud of them, too. They're a little different because we are raising them for a different purpose, but don't be afraid they'll let you down or jeopardize your reputation because they are "just what the doctor ordered." And believe it or not, they will transport 15 fully equipped fighting men. All this, without an engine.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Sixteen Miles of String

IN addition to the paintings, sculptures, collages, constructions, and other objects displayed at the big surrealist show now on in the galleries of the Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, there are, so a publicity release informs me, some sixteen miles of string. Woven back and forth and around the room in a kind of crazy entanglement, the string is used to make a winding lane, or maze, through which one must pass to view the pictures, and I mention this because it seems to me that the item is a tipoff on the whole present status of European surrealism. Novel as the string idea is, it has its elements of tedium as well. Just stretching all that stuff from one support to another, and then back, and then on again, must have been a weary and repetitive business. However fresh and high-spirited the concocters of the notion may have been when they started the job, they must have been pretty well tired of it by the time they finished, and my point is that much the same can be said of the "official" surrealist movement. That, too, has grown tired and tedious and a little repetitive.

It's no accident, I think, that in the current collection the quality of the work increases almost uniformly as one goes back toward the beginnings of the movement and that the early Chiricos ("Le Duo," "Intérieur Méta-physique") and the René Magrittes ("The Path of the Air," etc.) stand forth as the most completely satisfying pieces there, while the more recent work lies generally on a far lower creative level. This isn't true in all instances, naturally. There are still men of inventive mind connected with the school—Max Ernst, André Masson, Matta, Miró, and so on—and the majority of these are well represented. Matta has his scintillating "La Terre Est un Homme" on view, Masson his grandiose "Meditations on an Oak Leaf," and Ernst a canvas called "Marriage of Light and Darkness," which is in his best mood of bland and devious nightmare. With the exception of Ernst, though, the work of these men seems to take them more and more out of the scope of the movement (note, for instance, how close to pure abstraction Matta's painting is), and the school's lesser figures content themselves with devout, unimaginative imitation. The

fact is that surrealism, in the "school" sense at least, has hardly advanced an inch since it started, and the devices perfected by its first great practitioner, Chirico—the use of pictorial metaphor, incongruity, and the free association of symbols—still remain its most important contribution to modern art.



I haven't yet conveyed the real flavor of the exhibition, which, in spite of the vast amount of junk it contains, is remarkably lively and colorful. One great value of the affair, I think, is its inclusiveness. In addition to the well-known artists already cited, there are others less familiar in this country, and a number of them show works of surprisingly high quality. Richard Oelze's paradoxical "Archaic Fragment," Esteban Francis's "Arrangez-Vous," and Wifredo Lam's portentous "L'Ame Extérieure" are among the pieces in this category worth searching out, and Laurence Vail contributes a set of objects *en collage* that are exquisitely delicate in workmanship.

SURREALISM figures again, in about equal proportion with abstractions, in the new museum called Art of This Century, just opened at 30 West Fifty-seventh Street. This was designed primarily to house the Peggy Guggenheim collection of European moderns, a particularly rich one, and the collection, now shown here for the first time in its entirety, certainly deserves your study. On first visit, however, the spectator is most likely to be struck by the setting, which combines a few features seen hitherto only at the Modern Museum with some others that must stem directly from Coney Island. Pictures hang from the ceiling on ropes or jut out from the walls on invisible supports; frames are everywhere dispensed with, and in one of the galleries the lights flash on and off along the walls at prearranged intervals, like staggered traffic lights, to regulate your pace from one part of the exhibit to another. A good deal of all this, I'm afraid, is a little gadgety, but there's a basic logic about the arrangement, too, and if a certain sense of clutter that now clings to it can be done away with, the whole installation should prove very effective.

As for the collection itself, the surrealist section seemed to me the best integrated and most inclusive. There

you'll find works by everyone of consequence, from the lovely, surpassingly suggestive "The Rose Tower" of the young Chirico to the latest Massons and Ernsts. The abstract section, by contrast, is limited almost entirely to the early Cubists, and though this is a gap, and a serious one, in the scope of the museum, it has the advantage of bringing to attention again a number of old favorites that have been out of circulation for some time. I was especially interested to see such pieces as the Metzinger "The Cyclist," the Juan Gris "The Bottle of Martinique Rum," and the two Picabias, "Infant Carburetor" and "Très Rare Peinture sur Terre"—all of them, in their various ways, landmarks of the teens and twenties.

AT the Ferargil, for the benefit of United China Relief, there is a showing of oils and other works by members of that marvellously versatile and militant union, the International Ladies' Garment Workers', and the odd thing to me about it was the absence of any propaganda whatever. Apparently, the unionists have left all that to the professional painters, who have been known to overdo it. What they've turned their hands to instead, and sometimes quite capably, is landscapes, city-genre scenes, and such, all peaceable in nature. I liked particularly Miriam Denker's "Lunch Hour," as well as Arlene Shore's "Back Yard." . . . There is a collection of paintings of New York, dated 1825 to the present, at the American British Art Center. It's too big and too comprehensive for me to go into it in detail here, but from the early harbor scene called "Opening of the Erie Canal," by Anthony Imbert, through the Sloans and Glackenses and Eilshemiuses, to Raphael Soyer's fine "Window Shopping" of contemporary times, it is eminently worth seeing. —ROBERT M. COATES

Wendell Willkie proved himself an expert with chopsticks at one of the most brilliant affairs in Chinese history. At a banquet tendered him by Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the unofficial ambassador from America surprised the entire assemblage with his agile manipulation of the native version of a knife and fork.—*I.N.S. dispatch from Chungking, October 3rd.*

Luckily knives and forks were provided at the fifteen-course luncheon given for Wendell Willkie today or he might have gone hungry.

Willkie first tried to use the chopsticks, but soon gave up.—*A.P. dispatch from Chungking, October 5th.*

He forgot how, that's all.

You Cannot See Me—

I am not only invisible —

I am also indivisible —
and universal.

I am all about you —
and even inside of you.

Without me you cannot live.

No one knows how large I am —
yet I am many times larger than the earth.

People know far less about me than they
do of land and water.

Yet I am the same to everyone, every-
where: a common denominator in the
lives of all living persons.

I make it possible to abolish isolation, to
re-shape geography, to erase boundaries,
to eliminate the handicaps of distances
and the surface barriers that have en-
cumbered “earth-bound generations.”

The use of me makes close neighbors of
all races all over the globe.

As more people understand and utilize me,
they can enjoy an entirely new kind of
world.

My world is even more different than the
“round” world in comparison to the
ancient “flat” world.

People are just beginning to explore my
possibilities, yet already I have changed
age-old military strategy.

I make possible even greater changes in
every phase of human relationship.

No one can hide from me, because I am
omnipresent.

I am man’s greatest physical challenge and
greatest opportunity in all history.

My name is “AIR.”

It is not enough simply for “aviators” to
comprehend me.

My value is in exact ratio to the number
of people, in all walks of life, who capi-
talize on me. Because I affect every living
person everywhere; every government;
every creed; every tongue; every indus-
try; every market; every inch of the
earth’s surface.

You can use me right now, here at the
home front, just as our Army and Navy
are doing on distant battle fronts. By so do-
ing, you can save time and expedite your
contributions to our nation’s war effort.

My importance now, as a realm for mili-
tary maneuvers, is only a hint of how I
can benefit everyone, and make possible
a much better world.

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ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THE statisticians have reported that the birth rate has already risen perceptibly since the start of the war, and it is hard for the casual observer to believe that the rate is not about to be tripled, so conspicuous are the children yet unborn allowed to appear this season. It is not as it was in our grandmothers' day, when mothers-to-be were wrapped in cotton wool and hidden from the view of everyone save the immediate family, nor as it was a mere generation back, when they struggled to look and act like the liveliest girls in town. The current fashion is to be as forthright about impending maternity as possible.

Certainly there is no simpering in the lines of a lot of the "junior-miss" maternity clothes you see around. Many shops go out of their way to recognize the new trend among the current crop of very young expectant mothers to the extent of giving them dirndls or dresses that are smocked lavishly below the shoulders, fall full to the hemline, and are caught in by a sash tied in a bow at the centre-front. To my dubious comment that such clothes tend to make the youngest and slimmest girl look matronly, the proprietor of one establishment replied, in exultation, "But that's what they *want*! Our customers were the ones who insisted that we carry clothes like these, and in bright-red crêpe too!"

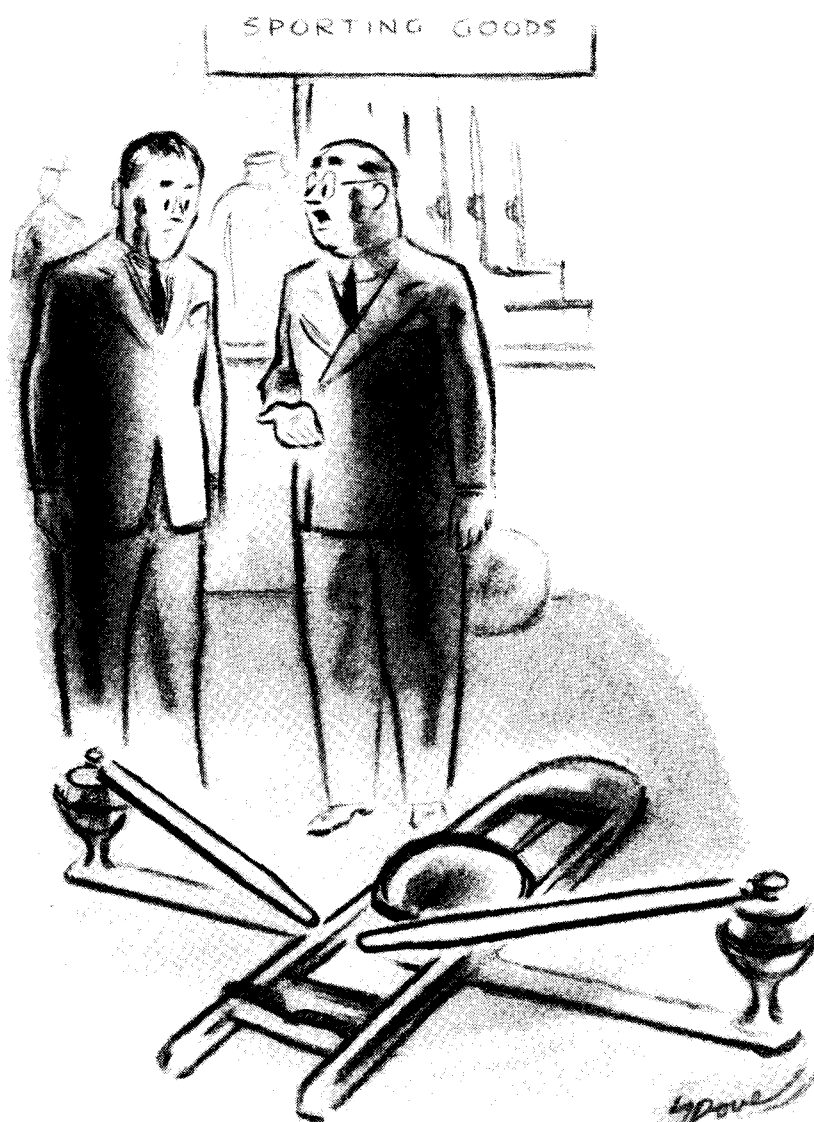
I have no quarrel at all with the theory that bright-red crêpe is a help to a girl's spirits at such a time, but it happens that I know some women, equally happy about their status, who also need the assurance that they look both normal and as attractive as possible. These loathe an exaggerated bow on their stomachs as much as they loathe the elephantine "concealing" smock, for it is their highest desire to take a quiet part in the daily scene. Women who work in offices or factories, doubtless remembering the point of etiquette which holds that the difference between the sexes should be played down in the world of business, are particularly anxious to find clothes that, though flattering, are unobtrusive and not explicit. They like the boss to be the last to know that there is a leave of absence in the offing. Such women are having a bad

time, as I discovered not long ago when I went shopping with one of them.

Everywhere we went my friend was blithely offered dresses with fullness on the stomachs and jackets with width through the sides. Though the salesgirls hotly denied it, this style added twenty pounds to her looks. It was hours before we could find a perfectly plain, straight-hanging jacket and a skirt with a flat, wide box pleat down the front and some simple hooks concealed underneath to make it adjustable. She looked pounds thinner in it and confirmed my contention that, cliché or no cliché, straight up-and-down lines remain the most slenderizing ones.

I have recently had this matter out with Mrs. Dorothy Young, a dress de-

signer in Hollywood, where it is the fashion to look your best whatever the circumstances. The Young clothes are not to be found around New York (and more's the pity), but a few words on the things she does out there may give smock-haters here courage to stand up and squawk. Mrs. Young is all for tailored clothes. She believes that the average mother-to-be, who is trying to remain active in the big world and not become a Being Apart, doesn't realize what tailored clothes can do for her, for the simple reason that she doesn't understand tailored clothes in the first place. When you say "suit" to most women, they think you mean fitted severity, whereas Mrs. Young means the straightest jackets you can find, made



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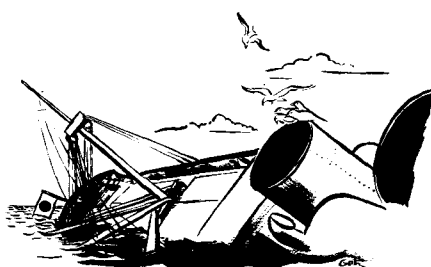
THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • DIVISION NY • FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

in the gabardine that is an all-year Hollywood uniform.

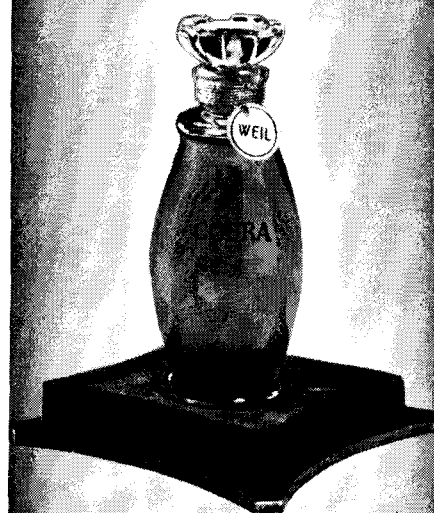
Mrs. Young contends that the mandarin jacket is so effective that its widespread use in China has been known to make travellers skeptical of the high birth-rate figures of that country. She goes in heavily for versions of this unpleated and ungathered jacket and of the equally stark middie blouse, advocating that they be worn over slacks suits and dinner dresses. When she uses dirndl fullness it is likely to be minimized by a drawstring across the front of the dress, which lets you put the gathers where you will (a wide, flat sash conceals the mechanism), and there is always a straight line up and down the hips.

WHILE we are on the subject of maternity wardrobes, this is a good time to remind everyone that I. Miller's shop, at 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), is still making a great specialty of low-heeled shoes, which, whether tailored or dressy, are as smart as they are comfortable. Shank's Mare is a plain suede slipper with a three-quarter-inch heel and stitching down the front of the vamp—a street version of the most easy-fitting play shoe you ever owned in your life. There is also the Papoose, a suede shoe with a modified platform sole, a childish spring heel, and an ankle strap.

LORD & TAYLOR's infants' and children's departments harbor many treasures, among them a notable collection of things to help mothers keep their young warm this winter. There are wonderful green poplin sleeveless coveralls that zip down the front, have quilted linings, and come in sizes from two on up—from \$17.95, with a bright-red wool hooded jacket thrown in. Red corduroy pajamas have standing collars and blue frogs to match the quilted linings of their jackets. Plaid wool slacks have street-length pleated skirts and fringed scarves to match. And Wig-warms are prankish red or green yarn caps that look for all the world like the hair on a rag doll and have bangs and shoulder-length strands that may be tied back with ribbon. Many little girls will



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ARUNDELL CLARKE

Rockefeller Center
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be amused as the dickens by these; others will howl the place down. I couldn't tell which without a look at the parents they have to take after. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

The Old and the New

If you listen to all the people who are in the business of selling things to eat run on about their new products, which they speak of importantly as "war foods" designed to save everybody's time, you may well get the idea that the aim of cooking and dining for the duration will be to shatter all previous speed records. For some years now we have had minute soup mixes; this season brings us half-minute soup mixes, to say nothing of dehydrated spaghetti sauces which require only a little water to bring out their best (faint praise intended here) and vitamin-enriched candies which can be kept in the pocket and nibbled in place of lunch.

In the face of all this enthusiasm for short-order gastronomy, it takes some courage to mention such a thing as the unusually plentiful supply of live hard-shell crabs now to be found at many of the less pretentious fish shops. The reason for this abundance is that, while the war hasn't fazed the crabs down in the Virginia and Maryland Tidewater, it has raised hell with the crab-pickers, and the result is that a part of the haul which used to come to us as picked-out crab flakes now arrives alive and kicking. Live crabs certainly are not going to speed up the preparation of dinner, and they are rather messy, although not nearly as messy as the hustling school of cooks would have you believe; furthermore, they are not always to be had just by reaching for the telephone, as you may find your favorite dealer considers them beneath his dignity. On the other hand, they are infinitely more delicious and fresher-tasting than any of the picked-out meat we get here, and they are surprisingly inexpensive. It looks as though we shall more and more be eating what we can get, and if, by good luck, live crabs are among the things we can get, why, so much the better.

Of course, if your cook has been completely demoralized by the mix-in-a-minute doctrine, there is no use expecting her to pick the meat out of the three or four crabs it takes to make a Norfolk for two people. If, however, she is still reasonable about such tasks, you will have a wonderfully fine dish and, as I've suggested, one that simply can't be achieved with the crab flakes which reach the New York market, even the best of

them. Moreover, once the crabs are dealt with, the rest is easy enough; it's just a matter of heating the flakes in plenty of fresh butter without letting the butter get to the sizzling stage, adding salt and tabasco and a squeeze of lemon, and serving with a bowl of fluffy rice.

TO turn to provender more easily prepared, Campbell, the maker of the tomato soup that has got even the haughtiest through more than one emergency, has come out with an improved version of the familiar cream-of-tomato that really is better flavored than, and generally superior to, the old standby. If it is not in every food shop in town right now, it will be in a few days.

I certainly do not plan to record the arrival of all tricky new concoctions meant to spare the cook strain of mind and body, but there's at least one that seems worth mentioning at the moment. This is a rice with dehydrated seasonings which has recently turned up at Altman and may come in handy in an emergency. It is called Rice Feast and makes a pretty good risotto, though of course not as good as a cook could make by starting from scratch. You'd better not take the directions on the package seriously to the point of reducing the cooking time from the usual half an hour to eighteen minutes; also, you'd do well to substitute broth for the tomato juice and water in which you are instructed to cook the mixture. Or learn to make a good risotto in the first place from the rice on your own pantry shelf.

QUICK, before those who moved on October 1st have had time to form new ties among the *fournisseurs*, I nominate three shops for new address books. First, there is the establishment of George Kuhn, at 1382 Sixth Avenue (56th), where you will find fish that are

as excellent as any to be had in town. Not only are they of the highest quality but the proprietor shows imagination in what he offers and, in addition to the customary fancy items, includes a number of commoner fish, which are not usually bothered with by his first-class competitors. One such fish that is in season right now is sea perch, sold skinned and cut in short lengths from the part near the tail, which is the best part. Kuhn also carries those delicate Long Island kingfish, for which it may be too late now, although a kingfish is a hard one to pin down to an exact season. The king appears to be a sort of by-product of the weakfish; at any rate, so it seems in the fish stores, as he usually turns up only among a catch of weaks. Mussels are another of the Kuhn shop's modest specialties and are nearly always on hand; live hard-shell crabs are not kept in stock, but the management will always get them for you on twelve hours' notice. As for the fancier items, pompano has already begun to come in and soon there will be oyster crabs, frogs' legs, delicate little smelts from Maine, and all the usual fine winter fish. In a few weeks the shop will be prepared to furnish fresh terrapin cooked Maryland style. The Kuhn version of this, though, I have yet to try.

Now that, under voluntary meat rationing, we're all supposed to cut down

on beef, lamb, pork, etc., a place you ought to know about is Eddie's Poultry Farms, which has moved in with the Bristol Market at 1110 Park Avenue (90th). Here you will find beautifully fresh chickens that come daily from a nearby Jersey farm, plump and tender squabs (and goodness knows such really fine squabs are hard to find), guinea hens, Long Island ducks, turkeys, pheasants, and all the rest. I have never had anything from this establishment that wasn't of the best quality. The Bristol part of the combination is an excellent all-round market, which, even in times that are hard on the carnivorous, can furnish as fine a Delmonico steak as you ever ate.

Winter's Market, at 1231 Third Avenue (71st), is an old-fashioned family store in the sense that it is completely reliable, goes to infinite pains to make its customers happy, and has a clientele mostly made up of families which it has supplied for a couple of generations. Otherwise, it is a very modern shop, with the latest in exotic fruits, a dependable supply of the more popular pot-herbs—tarragon, chervil, chives, and the like—and a variety of unusual salad greens. The poultry is reliably fresh and there is a full line of S. S. Pierce's canned things. A nice, upstanding place that will do well by you. —S. H.

MS. FOUND IN A QUAGMIRE

Up, up, lad; time's a-wastin'; press the ignition.
If relief is not forthcoming, consult your physician.
Winnow your symptoms, but never discard the chaff,
And consult your physician; your physician deserves a laugh.
Explain that when you swallow so much as a coddled egg it sticks like a fishbone
Somewhere behind your wishbone;
Inquire why your eyes of a sudden refuse to be focussed,
And what is the sound in your ears like a courting locust.
Your physician's a man of talents;
Ask him whatever became of your sense of balance.
Don't be irked by his suavity.
Tell how you walk with your legs braced wide lest you trip over gravity;
Tell him, too, that your gaze is fixed on your shoes as you walk, and better to
tell him why:
That a too-long upward glance would send you headlong into the sky.
Tell him straight that on such-and-such a day
They took the difference between down and up away.
Give him your problem to solve.
Ask him what to hold onto when under your feet you can feel the earth revolve,
Every molehill a mountain, every wormhole a crater,
And every step like the step at the top of the escalator;
And don't forget
To reveal your discovery that hair can sweat.
Go ahead, tell him.
Release the cat from the bag; let the doctor bell him.
Give the doctor the chart, show him the map and the graph.
If relief is not forthcoming, it says right here on the label, consult your physician;
your physician deserves a laugh. —OGDEN NASH



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WISCONSIN
CHEESE

OF ALL THINGS

PIERRE LAVAL has made the painful discovery that his people do not speak French very well. Their vocabulary is apparently limited to the word "non."

Military observers believe that if Hitler is unable to take Stalingrad soon, he will have to fall back to the Don. A fellow can't spend the winter sitting on those icy steppes.

The Italians are suffering these days from an acute lack of privacy. A visit by Heinrich Himmler was followed by some equally unwelcome calls by the R.A.F.

The 25-billion-dollar tax law means that millions of people are about to meet the Bureau of Internal Revenue for the first time. They will be amazed at what a deep personal interest the Bureau takes in their affairs.

Congress is now in a state of unofficial recess. It seems that many members have gone home to enjoy the autumn foliage and the Halloween festivities.

It is said in political circles that a victory in the Solomon Islands would help the Democratic cause in the Congressional elections. Perhaps the head of the Party will use his influence with the Commander-in-Chief.

The Army-Navy game, to be held at Annapolis this year, is to be a private affair, or at least open only to the residents of Maryland. Our strategists feel that it would not do to let our enemies know of any weaknesses in attack or defense.

Mrs. Roosevelt is graciously returning the visit made by the King and Queen of England. This is in full accord with "The Book of Etiquette" and the Lend Lease Act.

The attempt of the prohibitionists to put a rider on the new draft bill met with a bad defeat. Senators took the broad-minded view that a boy who is old enough for a war is old enough for a beer.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

FAREWELL TO THE CLOISTERS

AT three o'clock, the faculty of the Senior College began converging on Pearson Hall. Faculty meetings were always called for ten after the hour, and it was inadvisable to be absent or late, as the Registrar, under cover of counting a quorum, took a careful attendance record, the purpose of which was subject to many dark rumors.

Professor McVey walked over from "Government" with two of his colleagues: old Beyer, an emeritus in Chemistry whom the war had called back into harness to take the place of a younger man now with the War Department, and Mallon, an assistant in History who was teaching only until his draft number was called.

"Off to the wars, I hear, McVey. Well, well, well. I only wish I had my youth back again," Beyer said, and smiled benignly.

"You can have a half-interest in mine, sir," Mallon suggested, and winked at Professor McVey.

"We must all serve where we can," Beyer pronounced.

"Even if it's only for the BEW in Washington, like me," McVey said. This will be my last faculty meeting for some time, I suppose."

In the classroom which was used for the meetings, forty of the fifty members of the Senior faculty were already assembled. McVey had always taken an unholy delight in these gatherings. He'd miss them now—the distinguished scholars being clumsily kittenish, the lumbering academic humor, the badly told low jokes, and the forced Boy Scoutery of it all. He tried to fix the picture in his mind. The psychologists, who were all sitting together, looked as though they'd taken up their subject in self-defense. The historians and political-science men were either jolly and scholarly or scholarly and a bit old-maidish and prim. The economists, statisticians, and professors of accounting, scattered about the room, seemed more like moderately successful businessmen who were inexpressibly bored. McVey lingered over his judgment of the exact scientists—the chemists, mathematicians, biologists, and the others. They were a collection of rock-bound coasts if ever there was one. What

was it that had attracted them to their frigid religion? Most of them looked as though they had worked their way through college and resented it, he decided.

The minutes of the last meeting were now being read and approved. They were always approved. The reading seemed merely part of a mystic ritual. Three or four routine matters were then disposed of. The petition of a student to substitute Spanish for French after having flunked French 120 for the third time was referred to a joint committee of the French and Spanish Departments, which, in turn, was to refer its report to the Dean's Council.

The last question on the agenda was a case the Committee on Advanced Standing had felt to be outside its jurisdiction. It had been referred to the Dean, who decided that it should come before the faculty as a whole. A Mr. Cotes was petitioning to be graduated with a total of a hundred and forty-eight instead of a hundred and fifty hours. There had been a misunderstanding about the number of credits when he had transferred from a Western university. A letter had been sent notifying him that a two-hour course in anatomy given by the Physical Education Department in his former alma mater had been disallowed. Mr. Cotes deposed and said that he had not received the letter and knew nothing of his deficiency until his name failed

to appear on the list of prospective graduates. He now petitioned because a B.A. was necessary to admit him to the officers' training school for which he had filed application. His petition was sponsored by Associate Professor Michael McVey.

The reading of the student's letter was received in complete silence. Several colleagues looked over at Professor McVey. The Dean glanced around the room. No one, apparently, wanted the floor. "Are you ready for the question, gentlemen?"

Several people murmured, "Question."

"Very well. The petition asks that we grant—" Professor Schwartz (Medieval History) was rising laboriously. "Professor Schwartz?" the Dean said.

"I merely wanted to ask, Mr. Chairman, if this be a matter of policy. Be-

cause if it be, then, I understand, it must lie over until our next meeting."

"Does anyone wish to discuss that point?" The Dean looked over his glasses.

Biggers, one of the associates in Biology, got up amid muffled amusement, which arose from Mallon's recent and widely circulated suggestion that Biggers had been weaned on a weasel. Biggers said, "Well, not exactly that particular point, Mr. Chairman, but I'd like to inquire if this faculty is willing to accept the student's word for the fact that he did not receive that letter of notification. That seems to me a point that ought to be cleared up before discussing the advisability of graduating a student with less than the required number of hours."

The Dean looked at Professor McVey. "Would you care to tell us . . ." His voice drifted off.

"Only this, Mr. Chairman," said McVey, "that there is obviously no way of tracing a letter sent over eighteen months ago. But the boy would have been very stupid to let the thing go until five days before graduation. He could have taken an extra two hours this last semester if he had known. Now his only recourse is a petition."

"But," Biggers was quick to point out, "he might have planned it just that way to avoid the extra two hours last semester, mightn't he?"

"He might have," McVey conceded, "if he'd been Machiavelli. This boy happens to be a halfback."

Someone in the last row suggested he was already halfway back to where he started. There was a minimum of laughter.

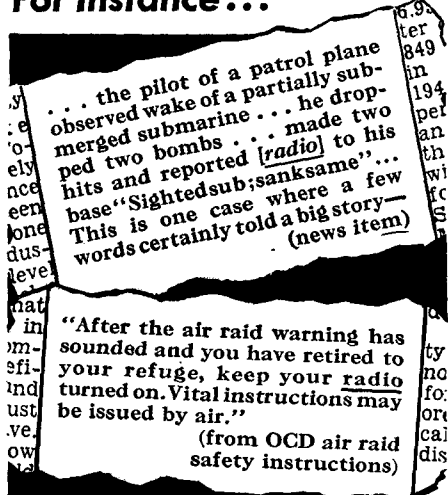
PROFESSOR GRISMER (Mathematics) indicated that he would like the floor. "Mr. Chairman," he said, looking around the room until he had silence, "I hadn't intended to speak to this motion. But I have been thinking it over and, frankly, I don't like it. I mean to vote against it on the ground of principle. I feel that in these war years, when so many barriers are being broken down, we must be particularly careful that we of the academic profession do not permit ourselves to become lax. If we grant a degree on a hundred and forty-eight hours, the next request will be for a hundred and forty-two, and then a hundred and thirty. I want to ask my colleague whether he would like to see this university granting 'bargain degrees' at a hundred and twenty hours or even one hundred."

"If I might interrupt," Biggers put





For Instance ...



Interesting!

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And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four great industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

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in, "I think we'd get on faster with this matter if we could establish matters of fact before dealing in hypothetical conjecture. If the boy did receive that letter—"

"I was under the impression, Mr. Chairman, that I had the floor," Grismer said.

"Professor Grismer has the floor," said the Dean.

"Well, that's about all I had in mind"

—Grismer had been thrown off his stride—"except that if we're going to face facts, I think we ought squarely to face the fact that some of us are far too prone to think in terms of individual instances and fail to see that by so doing we are lowering our academic standards."

Dr. Boyce was on his feet in a second, popping up from his seat in the middle of the cluster of psychologists. "Our colleague in Mathematics has made that charge before, and I'd just like to say, on behalf of the Department of Psychology—"

"Will you please wait to be recognized," the Dean said coldly, and turned to another man who had risen. "Professor Halsey?"

"Mr. Chairman, I personally would very much dislike to think that any course in anatomy taught by an athletic department would be considered by this faculty as a suitable substitute for our Anatomy 87." Dr. Halsey taught Anatomy 87.

"Mr. Chairman!" said Dr. Boyce, still nettled at the Dean's rebuff. "I hardly think the thought patterns of our colleague in Anatomy is the point at issue. What he likes to think about or dislikes to think about can have only a remote bearing on the question. I move the petition be granted."

The Dean was trying not to see Dr. Williams, the Professor of Ancient History, but he failed. Dr. Williams rose. "I am not sure, Mr. Chairman, that I have this matter very clearly in mind. If I am in error, I trust my colleagues will set me straight, but it seems to me—and I don't mean to speak in opposition to my friend and colleague Professor McVey, who, I'm sure, is motivated by nothing but the highest, er, motives—however, the question appears to me to parallel a similar, although, perhaps, in some ways more complicated matter concerning a graduate student—a young lady, if I'm not mistaken, who had done some work in, I believe it was, theoretical physics—perhaps my colleagues in that department might remember—but no matter. I merely wish to point out that the committee which

sat on the question at the time, a special committee set up by a former dean of this faculty, Dean Herbert Rice, who has now left us to accept the presidency of Farnham College in Utah—this committee, a special committee, as I think I mentioned, although I hope I didn't give the impression that the committee was set up solely to deal with the case of the young lady, because it was not, if my memory serves, and I think it does, since I was chairman of that committee after the sudden illness of Professor Stillman—the point at issue in that former case, the one which I feel may throw some light on the present discussion, was the question of accepting credits transferred from the University of Heidelberg—"

"Saarbrücken," Professor Beyer corrected.

"Well, Heidelberg or Saarbrücken. It makes no difference."

"But Saarbrücken wasn't accredited," Beyer insisted, "except in economics, and even in economics—"

"What do you mean, 'Even in economics?'" one of the younger economists put in in a jocular tone of voice. There was some laughter, a flurry of apology from Dr. Beyer, and a careful explanation by Dr. Williams that, as far as he remembered, economics hadn't entered the discussion about the girl graduate of Saarbrücken. This diversion was broken up by Dr. Biggers, making a motion that matters of fact should hereafter be ascertained before petitions were presented to the faculty.

"I'm afraid that's out of order," the Dean said doubtfully. "I believe there's a motion before the faculty already. The petition constitutes a motion, if I'm not mistaken."

"Then I withdraw the motion and enter it as an amendment," the biologist said, and looked around at his followers for approbation.

"And I further move"—Professor Grismer was on his feet beside Dr. Williams, who hadn't yet sat down—"that henceforward these matters be referred by the Departments to the Divisions for recommendation before coming to the Dean's Council."

"Do you accept the amendments, Professor McVey?"

"I suppose so."

The Dean held a whispered conference with the Registrar and then announced, "Since the matter now contains questions of policy, the petition will lie over until the meeting next month." He stopped and looked around the room, smiling. "If there be no further business, I take it the usual motion to adjourn is

made by Professor Mitchell and is so ordered."

This last reference to Professor Mitchell's eagerness to adjourn past meetings was a joke and received as such. It always sent the faculty away feeling that it certainly had dusted off all the bothersome details.

SEVERAL members waited behind for Professor McVey, to say goodbye to him or to offer suggestions concerning the disposal of his courses in his absence. There was a good deal of lightheartedness: "I may be looking for a job, Michael. Don't forget" . . . "If you can teach 'em finance in Washington, they'll make you President, Mike" . . . "Goodbye, McVey. Keep 'em flying" . . .

The whole thing gave Professor McVey a feeling of nostalgia already; it was so determinedly typical. He shook hands all around. Dr. Boyce leaned toward him. "We certainly gave the 'exact' boys one in the eye, eh? Do 'em good, if you ask me."

"Didn't get us very far," McVey pointed out.

"Oh, that! Well, no. But they won't forget it in a hurry."

McVey said he guessed they wouldn't. And then there was Dr. Grismer holding out his hand. "No hard feelings, McVey? I trust not. Understand you're leaving us. One of the departments in Washington? . . . BEW? . . . Oh, yes. Pretty chaotic, I imagine, eh? But, then, it won't be exactly new to you, will it? If I remember, you were loaned to the NRA for a semester—back in 1933, wasn't it? You must know all about the petty bickering between divisions, the jealousy over a bit of authority, and the eternal bogging down in detail. You've had quite a little experience with the bureaucratic mind, haven't you?" He smiled broadly at his younger colleague.

"Practically a postgraduate course, sir," said McVey. His smile was even broader than Dr. Grismer's.

—EDWARD ACHESON

We were so cramped in the bus while Japs discussed what to do with us . . . Most of us dug lunch out of cans with our fingers but some tall, slender, chivalrous boy from the South with a pleasant drawl fetched along a whole cold turkey and shared it with us. This was the last turkey I saw for a long time. Men were assigned to the right wing, women to the left.—From an article by Frances Long in *Life*.

The last turkey, and very likely the largest.



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THE RACE TRACK

Blues



THAT wasn't an air-raid siren you heard wailing over Long Island the other afternoon. It was a chorus of horseplayers who, overlooking Dark Discovery, had bet on Alsab or Shut Out in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Jamaica. You see, almost nobody expected that Mehrtens, who rode Dark Discovery, would handle her any better than he did in the New York Handicap at Belmont. He fooled everyone, however, and stole the race nearly a mile from home by taking a long lead while Bierman, on Alsab, was devoting all his attention to how Shut Out was running. When Shut Out went to pieces, it was too late for Alsab to catch Dark Discovery, and she won by a length.

Mehrtens, whose Christian name is Warren, is still in his teens and can ride at less than 100 pounds. He comes from Brooklyn, the first native of that borough to become a big-time race rider in twenty-five years. Terry Farley, custodian of the jockey room at all New York tracks and an old Sheepshead Bay boy himself, isn't sure why Brooklyn doesn't produce more jockeys but thinks it may be because the youngsters out there grow up to be grandstand critics instead.

TO the surprise of nobody, Occupation galloped off with the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland last Saturday. His score to date, in case you've lost count, is four Futurities (the others were the Arlington, Washington, and Belmont) and \$189,855 in prize money. If memory serves, and it does because two of Diogenes Checkpoints' gnomes have looked up the figures for me, no horse ever before won so many Futurities, and only one—my pet, Top Flight—ever picked up more in purses as a two-year-old. Occupation may find the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore this weekend harder to win. The longer distance of a mile and a sixteenth isn't in his favor. Besides, Count Fleet will be in the race, and you know what a fast colt he is.

IFANCY that Askmenow is the best two-year-old filly. You may recall that she finished second in the Futurity at Belmont, and the other day she won the Selima Stakes at Laurel, which brought out the best of her age and sex

in training. Incidentally, Menow, Askmenow's papa, has turned out to be one of the more successful young sires. He has also contributed something to thoroughbred nomenclature, though I wouldn't know exactly what; at any rate, among his first crop of foals are Menex, Medid, Meandyou, Meneither, Ringmenow, Tellmenow, Big Me, Little Me, Who Me, and—for no apparent reason at all—Uhhuh.

Regarding Whirlaway's victory in the Washington Handicap at Laurel, my courier reports that it was a pretty easy one. What fascinated him was how few times the placed horses in the Washington—Whirlaway, Thumbs Up, and Riverland—have been out of the money this year. Add it up someday.

TO get along to Empire City—and I don't know a pleasanter place to spend an afternoon—the crowd last Saturday wasn't so large as on the Fourth of July, but the betting reached a new high for the track. While it's not quite true that the sellers of \$100 tickets got blisters on their fingers from punching the keys of their issuing machines, there were longer queues in front of the \$10 windows than the \$2 ones. Anyhow, \$1,661,293 was handled in the tote.

Here's a tale with absolutely no moral

Lat one. I want the key on so and so. The owner's horse started favorite, and wasn't one, two, three. The cop's choice won and paid \$12.40. When the owner left the track, the cop was waiting at the gate.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Correspondence should be addressed to: Secrétaire Général du Centre d'Etudes et d'Informations pour les Relations avec l'Amérique du Sud, Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes of the New School for Social Research, 66 West 12th Street, New York City.—From the catalogue of the New School for Social Research.

Here—here's another envelope.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Early and Late Offerings

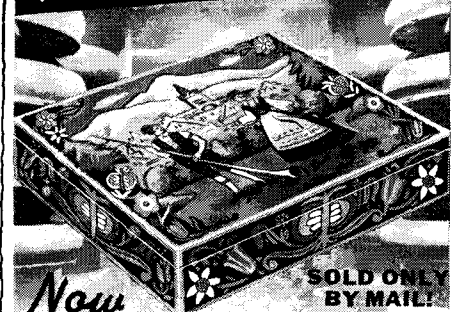


A NEW series of Monday-night Concerts at Nine, in the New York Times Hall (used to be the Little Theatre), started with an educational entertainment sung, conducted, and explained by Yves Tinayre, who had the assistance of instrumentalists, singers, and dancers. Mr. Tinayre moved enthusiastically from early French music, through church cantatas by Teleman and Bach, to Monteverde's "Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," performed with mimes to demonstrate the battles of Tancredi and Clorinda.

The first part of the evening was a pleasant enough excursion into scholarly matters. Mr. Tinayre seemed to enjoy conducting and singing simultaneously, and those who came for samples of old music must have shared his delight in the materials and granted appropriate discounts for inequalities in his singing while he was leading the instrumentalists. No discounts were necessary, however, for Mr. Tinayre's intonation of the narrator's music for the Monteverde production, in which the small orchestra played backstage. He made the story plausible even for those who are a shade skeptical about legends in which a man can fight a woman for hours without discovering that his adversary is the lady he loves, and the dancers, Nona Schurman and William Bales, were skillfully effective in a job that easily could have been silly business.

Further opportunities to hear pre-nineteenth-century music arrived with the harpsichord concert of Wanda Landowska in Town Hall. There probably isn't much need to characterize the art of Mme. Landowska. She just plays the music so completely that you can't, for the time being, at least, imagine any other way of playing it. I have no special yen for the harpsichord, and I don't go along with those who hold that if a work was composed for the harpsichord—or the organ or the double bass or the saxophone or name your own—it can't sound right on some other instrument. However, my experience has been that when I've heard Mme. Landowska play harpsichord music, the same music has never seemed as convincing when I heard it afterward on a

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ALONG with a quantity of old music, we've had some new music lately, including the world première of John Alden Carpenter's second symphony and the first American concert performance of Aram Khatchaturian's violin concerto. Mr. Carpenter's symphony was unveiled by the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the devotedly expert leadership of Bruno Walter, and those who expected a work of skillful craftsmanship, charming sounds, and artistic coloring got what they came to hear. There's been more than that, though, in other of Mr. Carpenter's compositions. Later in the program Mr. Walter went to work on Mahler's first symphony and sold it magnificently. You'd think that by now, more than half a century since the first presentation of this symphony, it wouldn't be a highly controversial piece, but people still argue about it, even though there's no law that says a symphony has to be either a masterpiece or a mess. Somehow, not many listeners can take Mahler or leave him. Mr. Walter's audience certainly didn't leave him.

The Khatchaturian concerto, introduced at the Town Hall recital of Miriam Solovieff, an exceptionally accomplished young violinist, turned out to have some of the box-office qualities of the composer's piano concerto. It is first of all a vehicle for a soloist, being both demonstrative and listenable. The music, as such, isn't especially distinguished, what with its rather obvious, Orientalish melodic patterns and its insistence on making its points at length. With orchestra rather than piano accompaniment (Max Lanner made the most of the piano edition at the concert, at that), the concerto would have more spice, of course, and somebody might do some clipping or condensing. What then? It would be a concerto that could easily be popular with performers and their customers, though it's still not likely that serious lecturers would discuss it extensively in courses on Significant Music.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

Appointment by Governor Culbert L. Olson of Dr. Charles Ashton Love, of Pasadena, to First Lieutenant, Medical Corps, 3rd Regiment with headquarters in Pasadena, was announced yesterday by the adjutant general's office.

"Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."—Old Testament.—*Pasadena (Calif.) Independent.*

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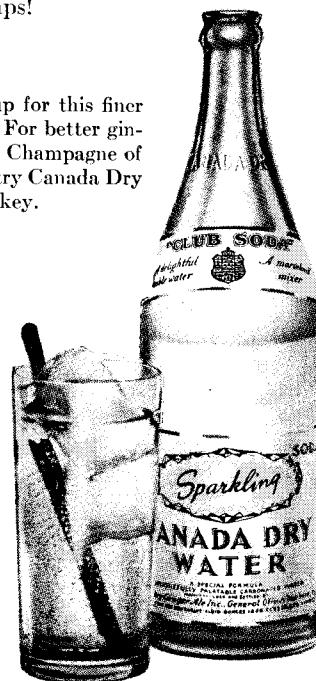
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BOOKS

Seabrook the Semi-Sinister—Another Family Saga

ON the jacket of William Seabrook's autobiography, "No Hiding Place," is a photograph of the author warranted to scare the pants off such gentle readers as myself. Mr. Seabrook, in a voluminous black shirt and piratical scarf, broods upon strange sins committed and stranger ones still in the to-be-done file. This handsome, sinister countenance sorts well with the notorious Seabrook story, for has not this adventurer-reporter been a cattle thief among the Arabs, has he not eaten long pig and consorted with voodoo priestesses in Haiti, has he not travelled with a dusky witch in Nigeria and conducted Dr. Faustus experiments at his country retreat among the Delanos and Chanlers at Rhinebeck?

He has indeed, and that is why a huge-hearth such as your correspondent opened the covers of "No Hiding Place" with shivers of anticipation. I expected at least a super-hellbroth combining the flavors of Rousseau, Sacher-Masoch, the Marquis de Sade, Aleister Crowley, and Suetonius. I must confess to a certain disappointment. Mr. Seabrook is not as terrifying a fellow as his photographer makes him out; or perhaps we should give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that his closet contains some extra-dreadful skeletons which he prefers not to transfer to his books.

Mr. Seabrook has had a tough time of it almost from birth. The future anthropophagist was a plaster-eater at the age of two. At four, under the influence of a Sven-galian, opium-taking grandmother, he had already begun to develop a fairly complete set of complexes and escapist fantasies. His love for his mother and his dislike of his brother were both excessive. Also, he had begun dreaming about beautiful ladies dressed mainly in chains, a notion that gradually translated itself into the mild fetish that has been a dominant motif in Mr. Seabrook's adult life. Mr. Seabrook writes

about his odd but not particularly harmful peculiarity with a strange mixture of humor and awe. He writes about it, I may add, at too great length for my taste. One lady dressed by Hammacher Schlemmer is interesting, but a procession of them becomes wearing. Uncle Sam needs that scrap, Mr. Seabrook.

Mr. Seabrook's main appeal, I think, is to the maternal in us. He is so obviously the bad boy who is always running away from home and always being disillusioned. All Mr. Seabrook's escapes have an unfinished, a truncated quality to them, whether he is hitting it up with John Barleycorn, taking potluck with cannibals, partygoing with rich expatriates, talking to Gertrude Stein, practicing private demonology, or working for Hearst. It is hard not to want to mother a chap who has gone so far, under such unpleasant conditions, in search of an escape from something so confused and tangled that he himself is not sure of what it is.

Mr. Seabrook is a man who has spent his life doing the unconventional and writing about it. He has sometimes written pretty well, sometimes not so well. If he were a first-rate literary artist, he could make his oddities and defiances add up to something. As it is, his disregard for convention instead of interesting us by its amorality, too often amuses us by its absurdity. Conventions

were devised to confer upon the human race a mild and doubtless banal dignity that it does not naturally possess. The defiers of convention, the Seabrook-Paul Morand types, the *frisson*-seekers, begin by engaging our interest (for all of us enjoy a little morbidity now and then) and end by tickling our sense of humor.

All of which does not by any means make "No Hiding Place" a dull book. It is not only not dull; it is curiously engaging, even wistful.

EVERY so often, reviewers (me, for example) announce flatly that the three-generation family novel is done for. Just about as often, and frequently the same week, a successful three-generation family novel appears. For instance, here is Marcia Davenport's "The Valley of Decision" (790 pages, 1873-1941, 2 pounds and 2 ounces), written with such energy, boldness, and copiousness that I am forced to admire it, even though its pattern bores me stiff. I imagine it will enjoy a popular triumph, and it deserves to, for it is an honest and spirited, if somewhat repetitious, work.

"The Valley of Decision" follows the complex fortunes of a Pittsburgh steel family, the Scotts, through three wars and on two continents. The Scotts themselves are a fairly predictable assortment: the proud, just, puritanical fath-



"Oh, dear! Are you sure this is a must?"

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er; the willful, rebellious daughter who becomes an Edwardian belle; the elder son who falls in love with the Irish housemaid; the elder daughter who is dry and virginal; the younger son who, from being an intellectual rip, gradually steers himself into a monastery. All these people and their heirs and assigns are real, in the sense that they are accepted literary types (and doubtless life types, too), given a new lease on vitality by Mrs. Davenport's affection and inexhaustible energy.

The sprawly story is held together by the Irish housemaid, Mary Rafferty, to whom the Scott family is virtually a religion. It is she who keeps it up to the mark, saves it at regular crises (about every 150 pages or so), and offers an example of sweetness, intelligence, and nobility that the proud Scotts themselves are unable to live up to. Mary is just a mite too saintly for my taste but is otherwise a fresh and engaging character, not in the least stock.

Mrs. Davenport has studied her background well, so no one who reads "The Valley of Decision" with any care can help learning a great deal more about the steel business, in both its manufacturing and commercial aspects, than he'll probably find any use for. He will also learn much about how the young Czecho-Slovak republic was founded, for many of Mrs. Davenport's finest characters are Czechs and some of her best scenes are laid in the little country that was among the first to be murdered by the Nazis.

All in all, a sturdy, lively, not too incisive American chronicle, easy to read, perhaps a year from now a bit hard to remember.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

EDMUND BLUNDEN, because he was truly young—eighteen to twenty-two—during the 1914-18 war and because he has not stiffened or dried up since, is an excellent choice to introduce an anthology of works by the youngest generation of British poets. "Poems of This War by Younger Poets," edited by Patricia Ledward and Colin Strang, contains a foreword by Blunden which is so humane and pertinent that it seems worth quoting at some length.

These poems, Blunden remarks, are anything but pretentious. Each of the young men and women represented has recorded "a private world of incident, sympathy, and philosophy which in real life might have been hidden by shyness. . . . For now, as at all periods, and especially when the peacetime allure-

ments of literary reputation and the rest of *Vanity Fair* are out of season, poetry is written because its principle is one of 'the innocent eye.'" Blunden is immediately struck by the fact, impressive to any sensitive reader, that "the theme on which these poets are in accord [is] one of joy, though set against a background of fiery shadow. . . . They have done with analytical approaches and consultations. There is not even much irony." "Revolutionary ingenuity in writing" is also absent. The poems are casual and sketch-like, and, as Blunden goes on to say, "all the polishing in the world would not increase the fresh and significant appeal of these songs of emergency. It seems to me that all who are anxious to explore the meaning of the present and to understand those on whom the future depends will find valuable enlightenment here."

Some of the names in this small volume are not altogether new. Here are David Gascoyne, now thoroughly cured of surrealism, and Laurence Whistler, no longer engaged in brooding over the splendors of the feudal past. At least one of the writers, Timothy Corsellis, has already been killed in action. There's not a trace here of the self-pity noticeable in certain poets of the last war. Love and sorrow are recurring themes, and a strong religious feeling, which has been absent in the poetry of the young for over a generation, underlines everything said. One real talent is that of John Hall. To those who have held the firm hope that the literature of this war would not sound in the least like the literature of any former one, this book provides true support. The stock sentimentality and despair have disappeared. These young poets know the worst—not only the siren but the raid—and they are not exploiting their knowledge. "In the midst of death is life," they say; and as for the future, they give it their promise and belief, whether they will be on hand to see it or not.

COMPARED with such young British poetry, two books by American poets published this autumn sound pretentious and literary indeed. English observers have sometimes remarked on what they have politely called the American love of fine writing. The resounding periods intoned in the past from pulpit and Chautauqua platform have often slipped too easily, even in the present, onto paper at the worktable. Poetry concerned with military action is, of course, particularly susceptible to the influence of the orator. Muriel Rukeyser's

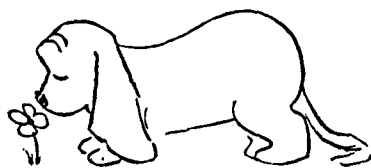
publishers describe her "Wake Island" as "the first poem of major importance to be written about the war." It is a short poem in pamphlet form. Miss Rukeyser, it is true, does not go in for resounding periods; in fact, her sentence structure is rather loose. She has sincerely taken as her thesis that the stand on Wake was a fight for freedom throughout the world. But how damply she represents this conviction! With what rhetorical hollowness and limpness! We are right back in the parlor, with the oil lamp, the antimacassars, and the volume of Owen Meredith on the centre table. I still think that the poetry of this war will be written in the field and that it will sound far more simple and moving than anything Miss Rukeyser has produced in this volume.

José García Villa is a native of the Philippines. His book, "Have Come, Am Here," has received considerable pre- and post-publication praise. Mr. Villa is given to religious mysticism and a combination of surrealism and Cummings-cum-Wallace Stevens. He is up to date, that is, rather than modern. I do not wish to be parochial about the worth of mysticism expressed by English-speaking poets, but I was struck, as I read Mr. Villa, by the fact that his method was directly opposed to that of Blake, Thoreau, Dickinson, and Donne, all of whom, supreme mystics that they were, built up visions from a particular object, as distinguished from starting at the empyrean and working down. Mr. Villa does not examine reality with a searching eye. It is improbable that he has ever spent much time looking closely at anything, in spite of the variety of objects he manages to mention. He has, of course, links with Spanish religious feeling, but his dash and devilry in dealing with language put him outside the Spanish mystical school of St. Theresa or of St. John of the Cross. He is at once too impractical and too debonair. Most true mystics are oddly practical people, with, usually, a sense of humor behind their intensely expressed capacity for ecstasy and suffering. —LOUISE BOGAN

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MEN OF ALBEMARLE, by Inglis Fletcher. If you feel up to a historical novel at all, here is a well-documented one that covers the period of political confusion in the northern province of Carolina around 1710. Three governors compete for authority, the planters are beginning to gang up on the lords proprietor back home, and there is a boundary dispute between Virginia and the new province. Mrs. Fletcher draws what appears to be an authentic picture of how the men who were on the spot felt about all these disturbances. The love-story part of the novel is rather overcolored and less engrossing.

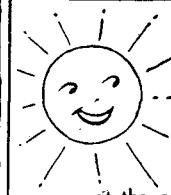
GRAND CANYON, by V. Sackville-West. A fantasy woven about the assumption that Germany has defeated Great Britain in the present war and that our government has mediated a peace between the two nations after having won our war with the Japs. This unpromising new order is the background for a group of tourists who seek safety in the Grand Canyon when the Germans make a surprise attack on us. Most of the book is a sermon against the sophistry of those who would save civilization through a compromise peace. A rather unimportant effort of an important novelist.

THERE IS TODAY, by Josephine Lawrence. The unpretentious story of two gentle young people who marry with the draft staring them in the face. Their brave endeavor to crowd a lifetime of happiness into the few brief months that remain to them is told with a compassion that is all the more affecting for its simplicity.

GENERAL

ON NATIVE GROUNDS, by Alfred Kazin. This first book by a young New York critic is a full-length, brilliantly sustained history of the relation between American prose writers and our developing society in the years between 1890 and the present. Not many startling insights or drastic revaluations here, but the author's fresh, even-handed balance and feeling for the over-all effect make this one of the most readable and satisfying cultural studies we've had in a long time.

GREEN FIRE, by Peter W. Rainier. The author of "My Vanished Africa" goes emerald-mining in Colombia and brings back a straightforward, though rather tenuous, travel-adven-



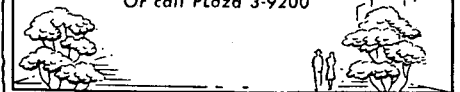
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ture yarn about fabulous green stones, bandits, a gold strike, tea-farming, and so on. Maps.

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY?, by Louis P. Lochner. The author, a veteran Associated Press correspondent in Berlin, left Germany last May after five months' internment. He is thus able to give us some new information on recent conditions, but the greater part of his book is taken up with an on-the-spot review of the by now fairly familiar developments since the Weimar Republic. Pedestrian writing. Illustrated.

THIS IS MY BEST, edited by Whit Burnett. One hundred and fifty self-selected pieces of prose and verse by writers who, Mr. Burnett believes, are the greatest living American authors. A catholic collection which makes variously interesting reading and includes a number of pieces which have appeared in this magazine. Some of the selections will confirm most laymen's suspicion that an author cannot be trusted to pick his best work.

AMERICAN IN SEARCH OF A WAY, by Walter Morris. The author, a young writer now in the Army, did his growing up on paper, in the form of letters, verse, and intermittent diaries covering the period 1920-42. A slow start and much—perhaps too much—earnest naïveté, but he makes up for it later with some good adult judgments on himself and us.

AMERICA IS AMERICANS, by Hal Borland. A collection of swinging patriotic chants, exhortations, and narratives, all in Whitmanesque free rhythms and all well geared to today's national mood.

STORM OVER THE LAND, by Carl Sandburg. A social history of the Civil War on both sides, taken in large part from the author's "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," but with some new and some rewritten sections. Mr. Sandburg's warm, allusive treatment makes this a moving book. Drawings, maps, and reproductions of photographs taken by Matthew Brady.

THE FLYING TIGERS, by Russell Whelan. The story, already legend, of those seventy-odd pursuit pilots, the American Volunteer Group in China, who shot down at least two hundred and eighty-six Japanese planes—perhaps twice that number—in six months' fighting. Capably and plainly told.

THE MAD FORTIES, by Grace Adams and Edward Hutter. The authors mean the eighteen-forties in America, a period which was apparently a

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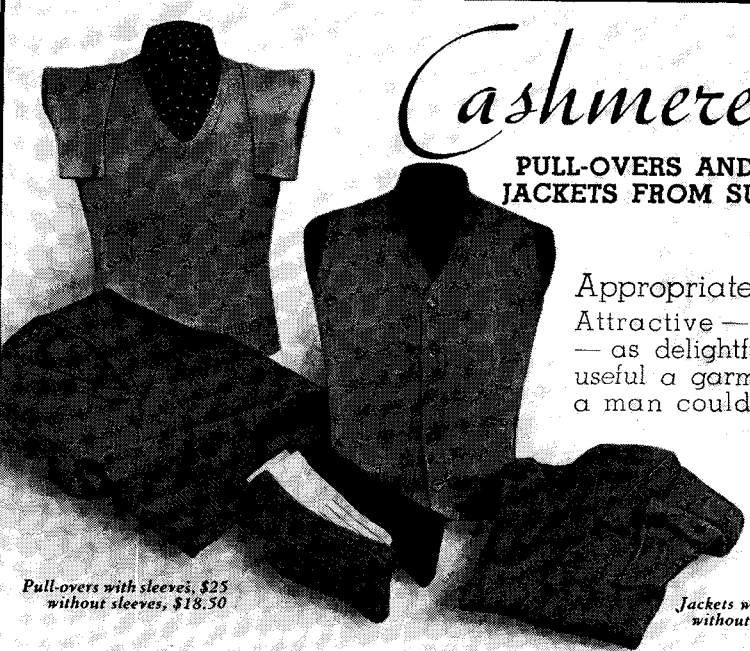
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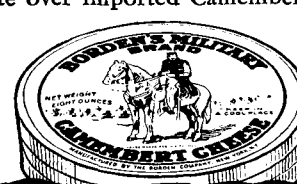
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ORDER OF THE DAY, by Thomas Mann. A collection of Dr. Mann's political essays and speeches of two decades. Sometimes turgid, sometimes thick with Germanisms of thought, but filled with that gravity and prophetic quality that give the author a firm place in the great European humanist tradition.

MY WORLD—AND WELCOME TO IT, by James Thurber, with some decorations by the author. Thirty stories and essays by a lively, wise, and original humorist. The majority of the pieces in this collection first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

THE NEW YORKER WAR ALBUM. A collection of drawings, mostly post-Pearl Harbor, taken from this magazine and illustrating the lighter side of the war, if any. Forty-two artists are represented by more than a hundred and fifty pictures.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER, by Dorothy Cameron Disney and George Sessions Perry. Jenny Iverson, a successful New York businesswoman, goes to Mumford, Connecticut, for a rainy Labor Day weekend and gets a knife in her back. Members of the local summer colony chase each other around and lie to the local detective. Simple.

AND NOT FOR LOVE, by Philip Mecham. Cynthia Coveney, a wild bad girl, visits her unconventional uncle, who has a house in the Colorado hills, and becomes involved in the scandalous affairs of his neighbors. Drinking, love-making, and murder in this too slick effort. Reminiscent of the twenties.

THE EMPEROR'S SNUFF-BOX, by John Dickson Carr. Eve Neill, beautiful and divorced, returns to her home on the Brittany coast to forget, and shortly after becomes the chief suspect in the brutal murder of Sir Maurice Lawes, father of her new fiancé. Superb story, written by an expert. Prewar, too, for those who want to escape.

Prescott Dennett, ex-treasurer for Lundeen's pro-Nazi committee (and denounced by Federal Prosecutor Wm. Power Maloney as "Vierrick's stooge") has been induced into the army.

—*San Francisco Call-Bulletin*.

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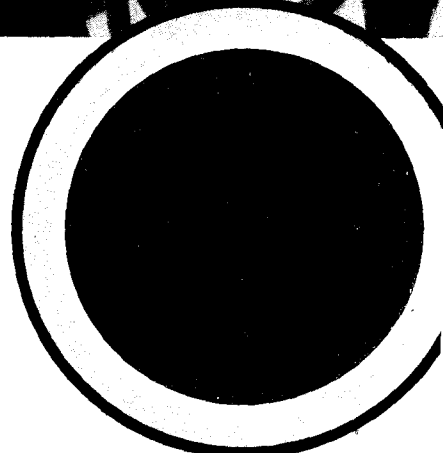
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